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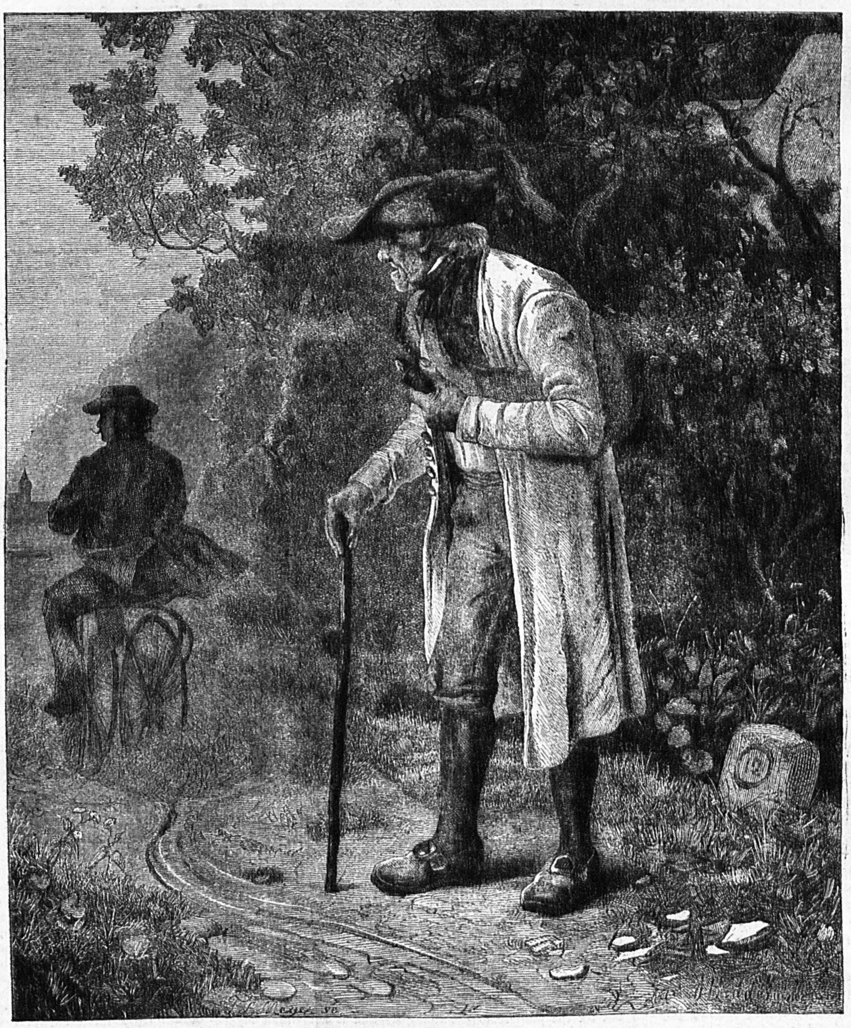


PAST AND PRESENT.

PICTURES ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

Dawlish.

It is only a few miles over two hundred from London, this pretty little Devonshire village-town by the sea. By "the fastest train in the world" you can get there in less than four hours and a half from London. It looks like a sort of toy-town, its site is so picturesque, its houses so prettily situated. Dawlish is, in fact, built on the banks of a brook that runs through the town, and on its way turns a noble water-wheel. The banks of the stream are laid out as gardens. At the foot of the valley is the beach, shown in our sketch. We hardly know a more picturesque little town, and certainly none which has more real seaside advantages. The climate is warmer, perhaps, than some visitors like it in the summer; but there is always the sea for a cooling breeze and bath. Dawlish puts its bathing forward as a leading feature of the local attractions. Several companies own the machines, which are models in their way, and supplied at the lowest possible charges. You can have all the comfort of a clean and well furnished machine for 2d., towels and drawers being charged for at the rate of 1d. each. The machines are in charge of respectable and orderly servants, and you can bathe at all states of the tide. Lodgings are not expensive, even in the best parts of Dawlish, and for the welfare of the town we hope the lodging-house keepers and tradespeople will continue to be satisfied with fair and reasonable profits. There are several hotels in Dawlish, notably the London Hotel and the York Hotel, which are the leading houses. Judging from our own experience, we would advise visitors to secure apartments in advance of their visit. The stranger to this part of England will be charmed with the railway entrance to Dawlish. The line runs across the mouth of the valley. Town porters attend at the station to convey your luggage to your hotel or apartments. Visitors will find it unnecessary to take a cab for this purpose. There are some charming walks and drives in the neighbourhood. Upon these and other points we must refer our readers to an article from "Our Special," which will appear in the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER next week.

St. Just.

Let us now hark back to Cornwall, by way of change. We do not name St. Just as a show place. On the contrary, it would puzzle our artist to get a picture out of it. We direct attention to it as a fair specimen of the Cornish town which just escapes from being classed with the villages. In Cornwall, as in Devon, every place is a town if it possesses two or three rows of consecutive houses. And St. Just, small and apparently unimportant as it is, assumes a certain extrinsic dignity by reason of the sparsity of towns in that locality. While you are in it you can hardly imagine that it should have any duties to perform in relation to the district in which it is situated. You would expect that its existence was one of entire dependence upon towns somewhere near, of greater pretensions. That is, indeed, the fact, so long as you sojourn in St. Just. It seems to have nothing of its own except low granite walls, and cottages half built with granite. There is no fresh meat, except on certain days of the week. There is almost no fish, though the sea runs round it, except a few pilchards, salted and boiled and laid in vinegar at one of the shops. Any town or village harder to look at, more barren of interesting features, more removed from every idea of beauty or charm of any kind, it would not be possible to imagine—unless you had already explored some other localities in this part of West Cornwall, and then perhaps your heart would warm up a little towards St. Just as possessing, by comparison, some of the qualities and qualifications of a home. For there are villages in that district, whose names we can neither pronounce nor spell, whereat not the most wayworn or benighted traveller would for a moment think of stopping to crave an hour's rest or hospitality. Not that there is anything inhospitable in the character of the inhabitants; for a Cornish man or a Cornish woman beats all the rest of the West of England by far in this particular. But it is not within the power of these bare, hard, rugged little nests of stone huts to offer comfort to the heart of one who has seen any civilised country ouside the sea-girt confines of Cornwall. In the midst of a civilised age, this being a part of a small and, as we think, densely populated civilised country, it is hard to understand how men and women can content themselves to live in one of these Cornish villages. The pigs and geese, which are the principal representatives of the lower species of animals, seem to have a hard life of it, and must resort at times, we should think, to granite, to eke out the stock of food which the land yields; but one does not quite see how the creatures of the human species are much better off.

Well, it is this aspect, and this character of the country round, which lend a certain artificial importance to St. Just. You find presently, when you have left the little town, that it is a kind of local capital, whither the people go in the desperate hope of being able to buy or sell when provisions or money run short. The village of Sennen, of which Land's End forms a part, is, it must be understood, a place of considerably less significance than St. Just, and if the poor fishermen of Sennen Cove happen, some favourable morning, to get a haul of miscellaneous small fish, they send a little to the one inn in Sennen, eat some of it themselves, and despatch the remainder in a home-made cart to St. Just, where there are a couple of commercial inns and enough people at any time to consume and be thankful for any little lot of fish with which Sennen by chance may be able to supply them.

One topographical item in connection with St. Just never fails to secure the attention of any visitor. That is a clump of trees growing out of a comparatively warm-looking hollow. It must be understood that the region round St. Just is all but treeless, and that its hedges are made of lumps of granite; but that little bit of woodland is an exception, and any native will tell you in a moment that it marks the residence of the incumbent of the parish. How he or those who occupied the parsonage before him contrived to induce trees to grow in that bleak, hard spot is not easy to say; but there they are, and there, in the midst of the foliage, nestles the house of his reverence—a sort of oasis in the desert.

After what we have said, it might be imagined that no mere tourist, seeking objects of interest, would be likely to find his way to St. Just; but that is not so. St. Just is a halting place on the journey to some of the chief lions of West Cornwall, north of the point. From St. Just one visits the Botallack Mine and Gurnard's Head, and unless the tourist scales the cliffs, and scrambles over boulders in and out along shore from point to point round the rugged bit of coast, he cannot visit Cape Cornwall without going to St. Just.

The intelligent traveller who has time on his hands, and wants to inform his mind as to the real character of the country and the conditions under which his fellow-countrymen live, should not neglect a place like St. Just, nor fail to go among the cruelly comfortless villages in the neighbourhood. In St. Just, in times almost beyond the reach of history, were performed the miracle plays of which we have heard a great deal within the last year or two, in association with the revival of the quaint and curious performances at Oberammergau in Germany. In the open plain in the centre of St. Just may be seen portions of the ruins of the ancient amphitheatre in which the performances took place. It was 126 feet in diameter, and was fitted with six tiers of stone steps. The Passion Plays were performed in the Cornish language, which has hardly been spoken in any part of the country for a hundred years. There are three of these old miracle plays in the Cornish language still in existence, and they were edited and translated about a dozen years ago by Edwin Norris, from a MS. in the Bodleian Library. This editor and Cornish antiquarian, writing of the amphitheatre of St. Just and its ancient plays, says:—

> The bare granite plain of St. Just, in view of Cape Cornwall and of the transparent sea, which beats against that magnificent headland, would be a fit theatre for the exhibition of what, in those days of simplicity, would appear a serious presentation of the general history of the creation, the fall, and the redemption of man, however it might be marred occasionally by passages of lighter or even of ludicrous character. The mighty gathering of people from many miles round, hardly showing like a crowd in that extended region, where nothing ever grows to limit the view on any side, with their booths or tents, absolutely necessary when so many people had to remain three days on the spot, would give a character to the assembly probably more like what we hear of the so-called religious revivals of America than of anything witnessed in more sober Europe.

The changes that come over a country like that are greater in appearance than in reality. It is true that in modern times the St. Just amphitheatre was turned into an arena for prize wrestling at Whitsuntide and Easter; but there are seasons now when, in the vicinity of St. Just, great gatherings of Wesleyans take place, when the faithful camp out on the plains, and day after day great preachings and the singing of psalms are heard upon the hill tops.

Lidford Cascade.

We publish the following letter from a correspondent:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

Sir,—Writing about Devonshire and Cornwall and making pictures of the scenery is very pleasant work, and so is travelling in those counties. You can hardly over-praise or over-paint the country. Every time I visit any part of it I like it better than before. But as you have opened your columns to something besides pictures and praises, I will ask you to allow me to tell my short story of a visit to one of the wonders of the West, not for the purpose of describing it—that is not within my power—but in order to let people know what sort of extraneous circumstances to expect in that particular instance. I went one evening to see the Lidford Cascade for the first time. The only way to reach the spot is through a farmyard, and as the maids were milking the cows, I confess I felt a little shy, both on my own account and on account of the cows and the maids, who, I thought, would hardly like to be disturbed during the ceremony. Presently I reached the gate leading direct to the Fall, and found it carefully locked with a padlock. It is a very tall gate, well protected at the sides and on the top; and on it was fixed a board warning trespassers off. My troubles, however, were presently relieved by a woman from a cottage in the grounds, who, after a little trouble, found the key, and very willingly let me through. I spent half an hour in admiring the remarkable waterfall and the still more marvellous and much more indescribable scenery, and when I got back to the gate I found it again carefully locked and nobody within hearing. It was getting dark. I was very tired, for I found a deal of scrambling to do in climbing the hill-side after watching the cascade, and I did not like my position. However, after a little deliberation and examination of the bearings of the barrier, I made up my mind to get over the gate; and I succeeded, having, after clambering to the top, to make a perilous jump from the coping of the pier. Having left the gate a few yards behind me, I came within sight of my friend the woman who had let me through at first, and as I did not desire, under the circumstances, to hold any conversation with her, I hurried on till I found myself once more in the farmyard; but my difficulties were not at an end. The milking, which was just beginning when I passed through before, was now nearly finished, and in the passage between the yard and the outer gate was a large herd of horned cattle, apparently hemmed in. My way lay through the crowd. The animals were lively and active, and there was not much room to spare in the space which they occupied. They could not be driven forward, for there was the closed gate at the other end of the passage. They must be removed from where they were before I could pass through. There was an appearance among them as if a stranger were less welcome than an old friend. The only method of dealing with them was to go among them and induce them to *come*—not to *go*—out of the way. Now, Mr. Editor—I send you my card (*not* for publication)—I confess I did not like it. Would you? I went nearly up to them two or three times, and something prompted me to return. So I spent about ten minutes. The maids in the yard went on milking the last of the cows and paid no heed to me. I hardly knew whether to be gratified or not at their indifference. They might have helped me; they might have laughed at me; but they did neither. In a few minutes a girl came through from the gate, and I hoped she would drive the cattle before her out of the passage; but she came quietly among and through the herd, and left them standing worse than ever for me. Then I made bold to ask her (it was nearly dark, and I hope she would not know me again) if the cattle were quiet to strangers, whereupon she said they were quiet, but conducted me through. She did not laugh—at least, not till I was gone.

Have you been to the Lidford Fall, Mr. Editor? If not, do you propose to go after what I have told you? And do you propose to recommend your readers to go? Let me tell you it is a magnificent sight, but I don't think I shall go any more.

Yet I must say that almost in any part of the Western Counties the utmost facility is afforded to travellers looking for scenery, and "trespassing" is permitted to a greater extent than I ever experienced elsewhere in England.—I am, Sir, your admiring reader,

HECTOR.

Literary Gossip.—Mr. George Gilfillan has been to England, and has visited Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon. Describing these two places in a "Sabbath" discourse, he spoke of the first as "Satan's seat." Mr. Tennyson has invited Walt Whitman, the American poet, to stay with him. Walt Whitman it was of whom Mr. Swinburne jocosely said that he was the only man that he (Mr. Swinburne) would care to get drunk with. Mr. Tennyson, though he has "built himself a lordly pleasure house" on Blackdown, still owns his beautiful place in the Isle of Wight, and loses no opportunity of buying up at fancy prices the adjacent land, in order that he may the more completely shut him from his kind. Victor Hugo is writing a new work, "L'Année Terrible," in which he will describe the misfortunes of France. He, too, has a monomania. Though he has realised a fortune of £80,000, he is haunted by the dread of poverty. Miss Braddon has a new novel which will be out early next month, and Mr. Jeaffreson one which will follow at the end of October. Dr. Dasent, one of the editors of the *Times*, has also just completed a novel, which is to appear in *Belgravia*. Another of the *Times* staff, Dr. Russell, is going to publish his private diary of the war in the *Army and Navy Gazette*. The author of "The Gentle Life" is going to bring out a new volume of essays. M. Villetard is about to publish a history of the Internationale. The Paris world is looking forward eagerly to the publication of certain letters by Ste. Beuve, which after his death were claimed by the Emperor's cousin, the Princess Mathilde. Another work which is sure to sell is a sketch of M. Gambetta and his doings, from the by no means friendly pen of Cucheval Clarigny, formerly editor of the *Presse*. The forthcoming number of the *London Quarterly Review* will contain an article on Somersetshire by Mrs. Crosse, the widow and biographer of Andrew Crosse, the electrician; and an article on pauperism by Mr. Edward Spender. The October number of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* will have a three-page poem by Mr. Townshend Mayer, entitled "Talitha Cumi." Mr. Edward Walford is now editing the *St. James's Magazine* and the *Illustrated Review*.

Fish in the West Indian Seas.—In his "Christmas in the West Indies" Charles Kingsley speaks in a tone of great amusement of the "four-eyed fish," which have their eyes divided into an upper and a lower half, using one half to see through the air and the other half for the water. Numerous as are sharks in the West Indian seas, Mr. Kingsley was disappointed at only twice catching a glimpse of a black fin. A Scotch friend with whom he was staying came home, indeed, one evening with a weird tale of having had to cross the mouth of a river at the very point where he had seen a shark that morning. We can understand that, as this man "walked helpless through the surf," expecting every moment to be accosted by a set of teeth from which he would hardly have escaped with life, he felt colder down his back than at any other time in his life. Somewhat similar to this is the adventure of a young girl who was bathing with three of her sisters in a lagoon. She felt herself seized from behind, and thought one of the others was playing a trick on her; but when she looked up, and saw that her three sisters were on the bank, she had only time to scream for assistance, for she was in the grip of an anaconda. Luckily, the beast had hold of her bathing dress only, which was of thin cotton; the others rushed to her assistance, and pulled with all their might; the bathing dress gave way, and the anaconda "slid back again," with it in his mouth, into the dark labyrinth of the mangrove roots.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

HOME again, to find that the change of the season is marking itself deeply upon the features of the capital. In the country it is summer, in London it is autumn. We boast often of our umbrageous suburbs. We are proud of our green parks and our trees. There are places within one hour's walk of Temple Bar which seem to belie the existence of a densely populated capital close by. But somehow Old Winter sends forth his couriers over early among these extra-metropolitan scenes. That long chestnut avenue in Regent's Park is clothed to-day in brown tatters. It has lost its summer glory. Its greenness is gone, and its shadows are growing thin and weird. In Devon or Eastern Cornwall the chestnut leaves would still be green and the boughs full of sap. The wind might roar and whistle and begin to tell its tales of the coming days of barrenness and chill, but these living sentinels will stand out against the sinister influence for many a day yet. This morning, though the sun was shining and the night had been calm, we saw the faithful servitors in the park carrying away huge gatherings of brown leaves swept up from the gravel paths. There is an air and a hue of autumn in and around London, and the people whom we meet seem to have made up their minds to it. All the programmes of business and of pleasure are of autumn. The harvest is past, the summer is ended. We close the shutters early, and think with a sigh of the too brief summer, remembering that it was only as yesterday that we were talking of the breaking out of the parks into tender green.

THE P. O. O.

As Londoners, we lay claim to a special and particular grievance in relation to the receipt and despatch of money by the instrumentality of post-office orders. The facilities afforded to the public could hardly be more meagre. You can neither cash an order nor procure one except between the hours of ten and four o'clock. Now in the interest of the poor alone it is impossible not to regard this state of things as a great hardship. The labourer or mechanic at work in London can hardly manage to send his wife in the country a portion of his week's wages without losing half a day over it; and if, on the other hand, he is the recipient of an order (which he has anxiously looked for) by the morning post delivery, he cannot turn it into money until the middle of the day. In business the inconvenience is very great. A vast proportion of London letters for the country are written between the hours of four and five o'clock in the afternoon. The memoranda accumulate all day, and then comes the quiet hour set apart for the work of correspondence. Unhappily, when it is too late, the discovery is made that some two or three letters ought to enclose a post-office order. No order is to be obtained at any price before ten o'clock next morning. Later in the evening the difficulty repeats itself. Private matters have transpired at home rendering it desirable to write a letter or two, enclosing small sums of money, to be posted before bed-time for the early morning mail. It is useless. The money cannot be despatched, nor is there any means by which it can be transmitted so as to reach the provinces until the day after the morrow.

It is easy to understand that it would entail a great increase of trouble and expense at the post-offices to transact money-order business from early morning till late at night; and so careful would we be of increasing, more than is necessary, the amount of business to be performed out of ordinary business hours, that we would hesitate even now to insist upon the inconvenience of the present system, were we not convinced that the whole system might be altered in such a manner as to relieve the Post Office of a great deal of trouble, and at the same time to afford the public all needful accommodation. Various schemes have been proposed for the circulation of post-office notes having very much the character of bank-notes. The question has recently been under the consideration of several provincial Chambers of Commerce, and large numbers of men of business, well competent to form an opinion on such a subject, are satisfied that the proposal might be carried out with very little difficulty. It is not necessary to enter into details of the contrivances by which it is proposed to prevent fraud; but the broad scheme is that of notes issued by the Post Office for small amounts, from sixpence upwards, and one of the suggestions, we believe, is that they should be signed by every person whose hands they pass through. These would be negotiable as cash. The butcher, the baker, or the milkman would take them in payment. They might be purchased like stamps at any reasonable hour, and the man of business would take care never to be without a certain sum in post-office notes, for purposes of transmission by post on emergency. The Post Office Department might make a profit by the business, for they would always have a quantity of paper money in circulation, representing an amount of cash which might be earning interest. The new Post Office letter rates, enabling the public to send a letter weighing an ounce for a penny (instead of half an ounce) and two ounces for threehalfpence, would facilitate the transmission of post-office notes; for if they were no heavier than a Bank of England note, a considerable number might be enclosed in an envelope and be carried under a penny stamp.

PORTRAIT OF A PARLIAMENTARY VETERAN.

A London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, insisting that London has not been quite deserted during these late August and early September days, makes the following graphic and interesting note of the appearance of a well-known Parliamentary figure in our not wholly empty streets:—

> Nearer Charing Cross I come upon one of the best-remembered figures of St. Stephen's—one whose pointed and uplifted forefinger has made the leaders on both sides of the House feel uncomfortable in turn—who drove the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen from office—who uttered lofty jeremiads equally against Republicanism in America and Imperialism in France—who threatened to drag to the bar of the House every election agent who had corruptly trafficked in seats—and who never hesitated to utter the wholesome but disagreeable truth that nobody liked to say but everybody wanted to hear. I long to remind him of that evening in March, ten or eleven years ago, when the House of Commons was deeply stirred by the news of the intention of the Emperor of the French to annex Savoy and Nice, and when he rose from the front Opposition bench below the gangway to say, with offensive accent and tragedy emphasis, "I don't fear that Ma-an, but I have a fear lest England be thought to truckle to him." The whirligig of time has brought the Emperor to England, and both assailant and assailed are now broken in health and wrecks of what they were. Mr. Roebuck—for it is he—uses a stout stick in walking, and his step is slow. But he is alone; and if the frame be slight and feeble and the figure bent and bowed, eye and feature have still that habit and power of oratorical dignity and command which once held the People's House in thrall; yet one almost looks for that "great lantern" which Mr. Disraeli once told him he always carried about, wherewith to discover some honest man.

THE LATE MR. MONTGOMERY.

The author of the London Letter in the *Birmingham Morning News* says:—

> Just a word about the mystery of Walter Montgomery's death. What I have to say may really have no pertinence to the melancholy event, but yet it is worth recording. On his arrival at his hotel shortly before he committed suicide, he found a letter on his table bearing the Boston (U.S.) postmark. He opened it. It was a long letter. He read a few lines of it, and then went hastily into his bedroom. Before he fired the fatal shot he tore this letter into a thousand pieces, which he scattered with so much care in various directions that it was found impossible to collect them together. I have this on the very best authority. Of course, what the purport of the communication was it is no part of my duty to guess.

COUNTRY LIFE.

THE PROVINCE OF THE NOVELIST.

SMART writers all round are discussing Mr. Goldwin Smith's diatribe against "Novel Writers with a Purpose." One of the cleverest replies we have seen has just appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, under the title "Sins of Fiction." Readers interested in the subject will thank us for the following quotation:—

> Wits are thin-skinned. Historians who scathe in histories are sure to wince when they are lashed in fictions. Mr. Goldwin Smith irritated Mr. Disraeli to such an extent that in the House of Commons he called the Professor a wild man, giving his arms, as he said the words, a wonderful flourish, pantomimically expressing that Mr. Goldwin Smith was all abroad. Not content with this, Mr. Disraeli put his tormentor into "Lothair." Every one remembers how feverishly Mr. Goldwin Smith put on the cap, how well it seemed to fit, and yet how angry he was at having to wear it. Since then a novelist, and especially a novelist with a purpose, has been to Mr. Goldwin Smith little better than one of the wicked. How he does belabour the poor creatures, to be sure! He reminds one of Don Quixote tilting, in his indignation, at the puppets in the peep-show. The Cornell Quixote says that he has seen a novel in which the writer glorifies himself almost by name. So have we all; but what matter? It is all a question of whether the poor man was entertaining. Mr. Smith knows "a novelist who is a man of fashion, and who makes the age of the heroes in his successive novels advance with his own; so that at last we shall have irresistible fascination at seven score years and ten." All the better. What a novelty it would be. There is *vis* in the very idea. Does not Mr. Goldwin Smith see that the only point worth a thought is whether this venerable author will succeed in creating a male Ninon l'Enclos? If not, no one will read or mind him. If he should succeed, he will prove himself a man of genius, and give us all a new sensation. Why make such a fuss about it? We are not all professors. We have not all provoked the author of "Lothair." And if we had, it is to be hoped some of us could have taken the consequences without losing our temper. Mr. Goldwin Smith is wasting his greatness in the ignoble occupation of putting flies on the wheel. "One novel," says he, "is a pamphlet against lunatic asylums, another against model prisons, a third against the Poor-laws, a fourth against the Government officers, a fifth against trades unions. A writer takes offence at the excessive popularity of athletic sports; instead of bringing out an accurate and conscientious treatise to advocate moderation, he lets fly a novel painting the typical boating man as a seducer of confiding women, the betrayer of his friend, and the murderer of his wife." What matters? If there is anything in these imputations, novels can only give them prominence and win them a hearing. If there is nothing in them, no novel writing in the world will ever make people believe them.

Mr. Goldwin Smith cannot place himself in the wrong without doing it in the most extravagantly conspicuous manner. Seeing how sensitive he is under criticism, it is painful almost to think what he must have suffered under the raillery which broke out far and wide upon the publication of his correspondence with Mr. Disraeli touching "Lothair;" and he is destined to pass through a similar ordeal for having "pronounced" upon the novelists in general.

SMOKE.

We note with interest signs of movement in any part of the country in the direction of abolishing the nuisance of factory smoke in towns. The following extract is from a report of the proceedings of the Canterbury Local Board of Health:—

> The Mayor said that several gentlemen had complained to him of smoke issuing from chimneys of buildings which ought to consume their own smoke; and he should like to know whose duty it was to report such cases.
>
> The Deputy-Clerk replied that it was the duty of all the officers, but more especially that of the Inspector.
>
> The Inspector said it was his duty, and he attended to it.
>
> Mr. Cooper spoke to seeing the Inspector watching buildings for the purpose of detecting smoke coming from the chimneys. He added that the brewers and others who had furnaces had been put to an enormous expense in complying with the law, so as to make their furnaces consume their own smoke, but all they had done had failed in making a perfect job.
>
> Mr. Harrison inquired whether there was not a patent for making furnaces consume their own smoke.
>
> The Inspector: There is; and there is not a place in Canterbury but what has got it. It is the latest invention for the purpose. Smoke generally comes out of the chimneys during the time the steam is being got up, and there must be a certain time allowed for that.
>
> The Clerk said it was a question whether, if the invention were properly carried out, and the apparatus attended to, there would be any nuisance at all.
>
> The Inspector did not think there would be.
>
> The Inspector was instructed to call upon the various parties and caution them against negligently permitting smoke to issue from the chimneys of their buildings.

An important and interesting Government inquiry has just been held at Queensbury on this subject. It appears that Queensbury is, practically, an outlying district of Bradford, and that while all the owners of factories in Bradford have been compelled to make their furnaces consume their own smoke, the same thing has not been done at Queensbury; and though the inhabitants of the latter place have not complained of the nuisance, the manufacturers of Bradford consider themselves aggrieved, seeing that in order to abate the smoke nuisance they have been put to an expense which their competitors in business in Queensbury have avoided; and it is moreover contended that Bradford itself suffers in a degree from Queensbury smoke. The complainants, therefore, in this inquiry, were the Bradford Town Council, ably represented by the Town Clerk. We give a few extracts from a report of the proceedings:—

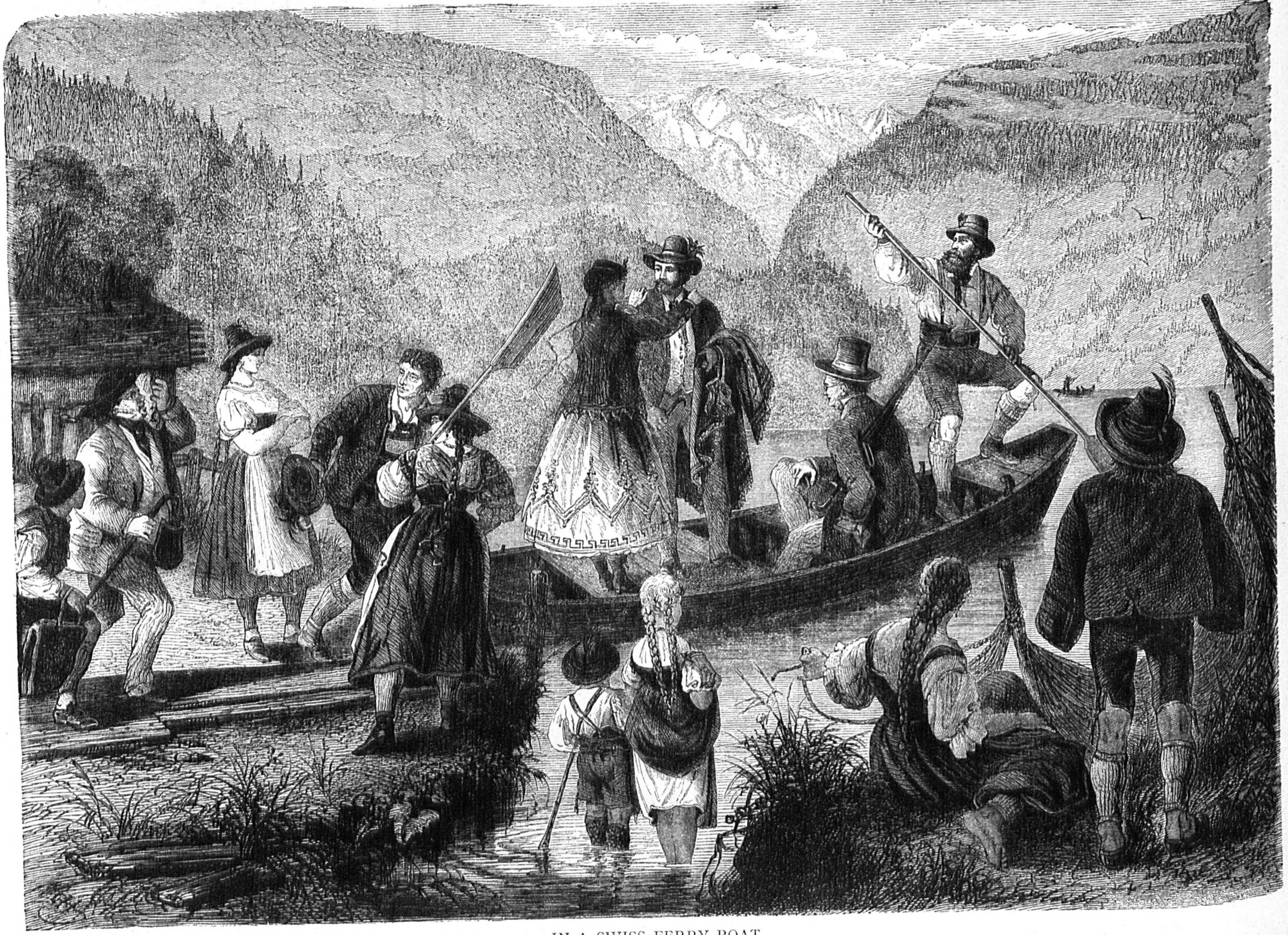
> Mr. Briggs (who appeared on behalf of the leading Queensbury firm): Where every care has been taken in firing how is the nuisance to be abated?
>
> Mr. McGowen (the Bradford Town Clerk) observed that the Act of Parliament said that they should consume smoke as far as practicable. Careful firing might, in some cases, entirely effect the object; it was necessary that the furnaces should be properly constructed, and that there was sufficient boiler space; but if they wanted a donkey to do the work of an elephant they would not succeed. Therefore they were to consume the smoke "as far as practicable." That meant not "as far as practicable" with the machinery they might have, but, in plain English, as far as it could be done. The Act of Parliament disregarded cost, it disregarded the character of the manufacture, it disregarded all the circumstances that surrounded the case; it said, "If there be appliances you shall get them." "As far as practicable" obviously meant by any appliances, processes, or means possible.
>
> Mr. Suter (Clerk to the Queensbury Local Board): We say the smoke is so infinitesimal in quantity that to lay any complaint is sheer nonsense. One part of Queensbury district is in the Bradford parish, the other part in Halifax. What do they do in Halifax? The Corporation allow for every chimney thirteen minutes of dense and twenty-six minutes' moderate smoke. In the first place they send a letter warning manufacturers not to permit the nuisance, and they remedy it. The greater part of the Board's district is in the Halifax parish, and if we proceed against offenders at Halifax probably the summons will be dismissed.
>
> Mr. McGowen: We have nothing to do with Halifax.
>
> Mr. Taylor (the Government Inspector): If you take a case of smoke nuisance to Halifax, or anywhere else, can they disregard the law? That's the question.
>
> Mr. Suter: No.
>
> Mr. Taylor said he was surprised to learn that in Halifax there was a voluntary association who had taken offenders within the borough boundary, and in the parish of Halifax, and had got convictions when the Corporation did not interfere at all. Therefore the Corporation was no guide. The Corporation of Halifax put one interpretation upon the law, the Bradford Corporation another. He quite agreed with Mr. Suter in calling attention to the absurd way in which the law was at present carried out, or rather not carried out, and he hoped one of the beneficial results of these inquiries would be to remedy that.

As usual in these inquiries, there was no immediate result. The Government Inspector will report to the Home Department. Towards the close of the proceedings

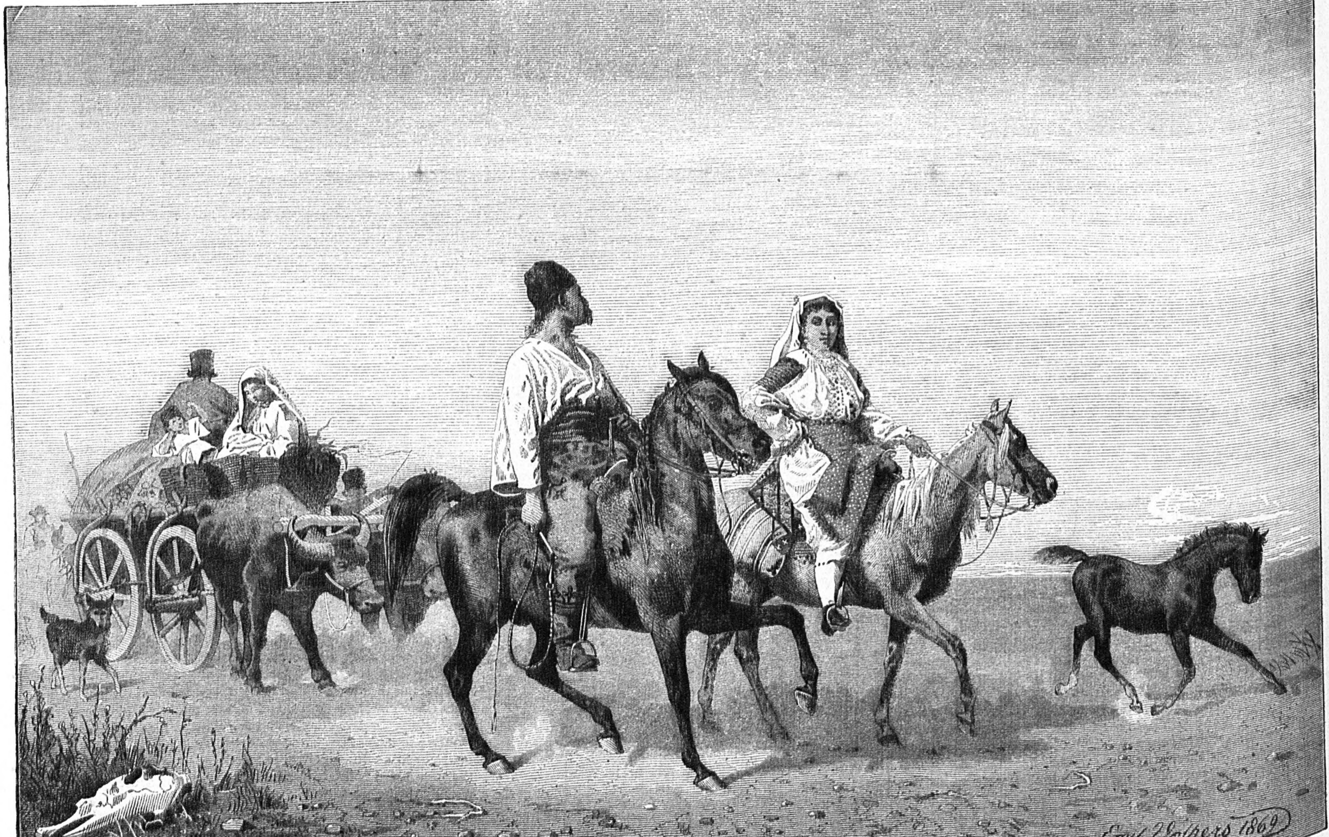
> Mr. Taylor observed he had conversed with half a dozen gentlemen in Bradford, and there was not one who had not expressed thankfulness that they had been obliged to prevent the nuisance, and stated that it had been a saving to them.
>
> Mr. McGowen said it was simply folly to say the nuisance could not be prevented.

Thousands of the inhabitants of large and small towns owe a debt of gratitude to the Town Council of Bradford for having demonstrated that the smoke nuisance can be prevented. After that experiment on a large scale, in a town of numerous and extensive factories, there is no excuse anywhere for permitting towns to be poisoned with factory smoke.

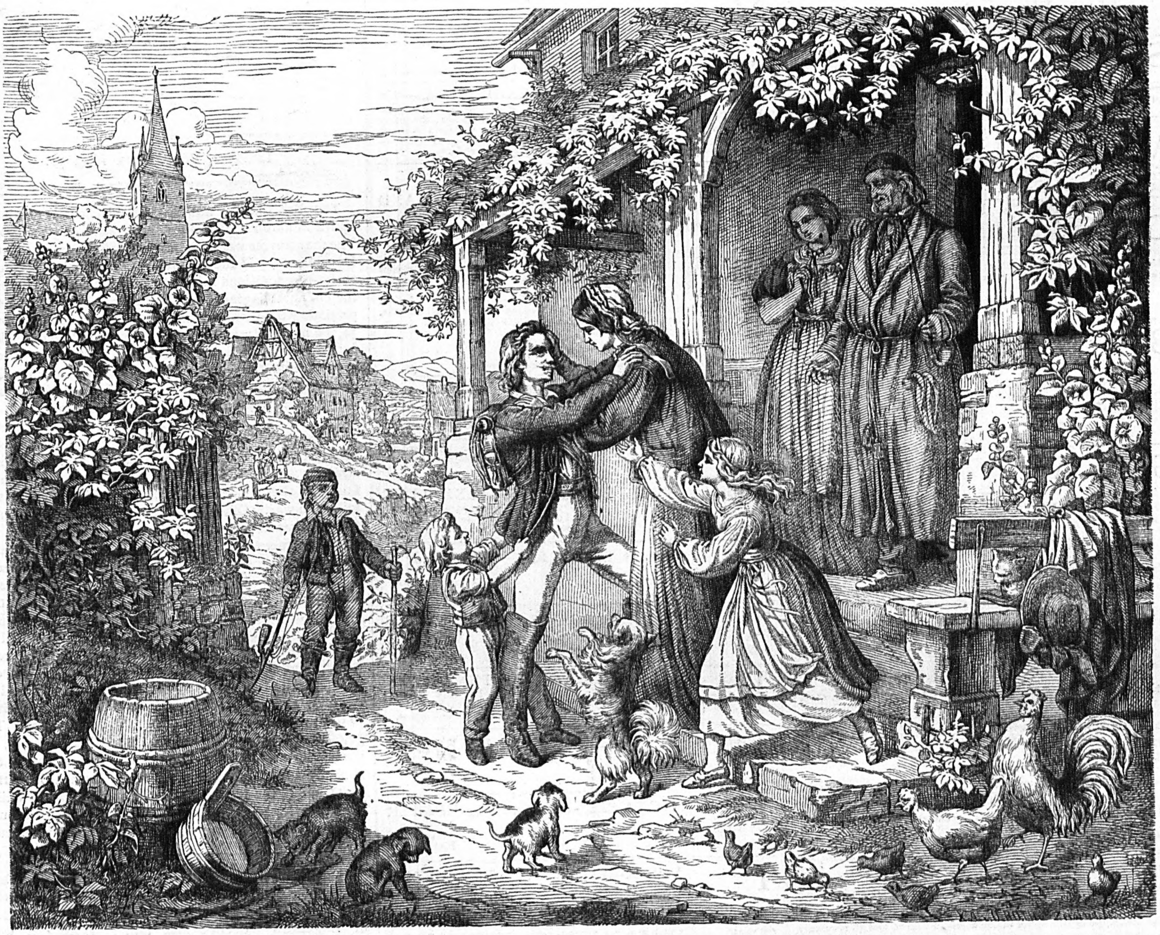
A few days ago proceedings were taken by the Sanitary Inspector of Rochdale against several manufacturers of that town for allowing black smoke to issue from their chimney shafts, and it was admitted by the defendants, in the course of the inquiry, that it was possible to make their furnaces consume the smoke, but it was costly. In each case proceedings were stayed, on the promise of the defendants to take measures to remedy the evil.



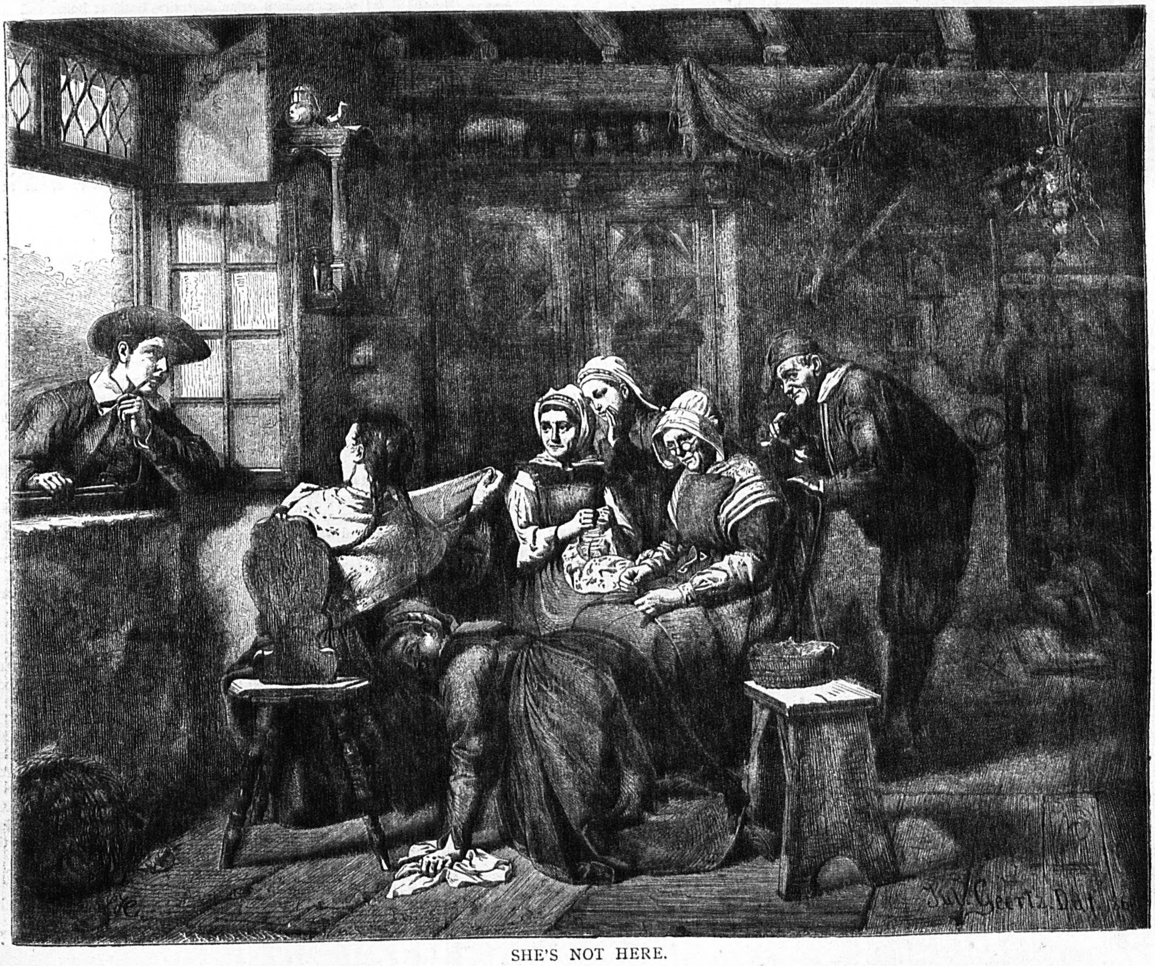
IN A SWISS FERRY BOAT.


Emil Volkers 1869

CROSSING THE DESERT.



AFTER THE BATTLE.


Jul. Geertz. Düss.

SHE'S NOT HERE.

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The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

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43, MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON.
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FOR PICTURE FRAMES, PICTURE FRAMING, MOULDINGS, &c.—EMDIN'S. [See advt. last page.] [451

CARPETS AND CARPET BEATING.
MESSRS. TYLER & SON, 1, Long Acre, W.C., Contractors to Her Majesty's Government for the supply of Carpets, Linoleum, Kamptulicon, and all descriptions of floor coverings to the Royal Palaces and Public Buildings. Carpets taken up, beaten, and relaid. Lowest Cash prices. [444

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CONTAINS a large per-centage of GLYCERINE, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.
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PERCALES, ALPACAS.
GRENADINES.
GAZ DE CHAMBRAYS.
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J. GRIERSON,
General Manager.
Paddington Station. [449

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On SATURDAYS, SEPTEMBER 16th, 23rd, and 30th, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 7.40, Hammersmith 7.10, Kensington (Addison Road) 7.25, and Reading 8.45 a.m., for Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, Bridgwater, Taunton, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, and other intermediate Stations, returning on Monday week or Monday fortnight following date of departure.

EXCURSIONS TO THE SEASIDE.
On the same days Excursion Trains will leave Paddington at 1.5, Hammersmith 12.35, Kensington (Addison Road) 12.25, Uxbridge Road 12.28, and Reading 2.20 p.m., for Trowbridge, Wells, Yeovil, Dorchester, and Weymouth, returning on the following Monday week or Monday fortnight.
N.B.—Passengers by these Trains may proceed from Weymouth to Guernsey or Jersey, at Single Fares for the double journey.
For Fares and full particulars see Handbills, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Offices, or at Cook's Excursion Offices, 98, Fleet Street.
Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [467

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
On SATURDAYS, Sept. 16th, 23rd, and 30th, Excursion Trains will leave Paddington at 7.40 and Reading 8.45 a.m., for Portishead, Ilfracombe, and Lynmouth (viâ Bristol and Portishead).
For Fares and full particulars see Handbills.
Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [479

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
On SATURDAY, Sept. 16, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 10.10, Victoria 9.48, Battersea 9.58, Chelsea 10.1, West Brompton 10.5, Kensington (Addison Road) 10.9, Uxbridge Road 10.11, and Reading 11.40 a.m., for Leamington, Warwick, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Hereford, Crewe, Stockport, Manchester, Shrewsbury, Welshpool, Aberyswith, Llangollen, Dolgelly, Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, and other Stations, returning on the following Monday or Thursday.
For Fares and full particulars see Handbills, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations or Booking Offices, and at Cook's Excursion Offices, 98, Fleet Street.
Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [480

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Table d'Hôte at Seven.
H. BLACKWELL, Proprietor. [462

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MRS. BARRATT, Manager,
(Late of the Westminster Palace Hotel). [460

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TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

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J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.
The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.
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HALF-YEARLY VOLUME.
INDEX AND TITLE-PAGE for the HALF-YEARLY VOLUME will be ready next week.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

THE British army now in the field consists of about a fourth in number of a single Prussian *corps d'armée.* The manœuvres were originated chiefly to test the Control Department. If the Berkshire country had been the scene of operations the test would have been complete, the collapse disgraceful. Months have been consumed in preparing the transport service for the strain of moving 30,000 men. It may be said to have failed, nevertheless; for all sorts of vehicles had at the last moment to be pressed into the service. The practical value of the manœuvres disappears in the fact of the country round Aldershot being familiar to both officers and men. In Prussia these annual manœuvres were warlike in every sense except that of killing. The test only halted at actual murder. Prisoners were made, real victories of strategy achieved, real defeats sustained. A general's failure in these manœuvres was considered equal to a failure in war. Officers who deserved it were rebuked for mistakes in presence of the whole staff. There was an earnestness about the whole business which made these campaigns the forerunners of certain victories in war. At present our first effort in this way looks shabby and puerile; but we hope Mr. CARDWELL'S attempt at political popularity in his own Department will bring about important reforms. We hope it will not be the last of our autumn manœuvres, but the commencement of a regular annual campaign. If we can put a real army into the field next autumn, real in numbers and equipment, Mr. CARDWELL will be entitled to our gratitude for inaugurating the new system. The 30,000 men now in the field are fine soldierly fellows, the nucleus of a brave and unconquered army; but to call so small a force an army must make General BLUMENTHAL smile, the more so when he sees the penny dailies with their sensation headings and marvellous accounts of marches, counter-marches, and strategic movements.

IS our navy coming to general grief? The bare suggestion of such a thought makes one look forward with a nervous remembrance of the numerous predictions of England's "decline and fall." Hardly a week passes that does not fill the papers with records of naval shortcomings or misfortunes both at home and on the sea. Sinking ships is the order of the day. "An army that cannot march and a navy that cannot swim" is passing into a proverb. Administrators and commanders seem determined to justify it. We have only just rescued from a desert island 300 sailors sent out in an unseaworthy vessel. We have not done criticising the incident of another war vessel going upon a well-known rock without rhyme or reason, and another running aground at the mouth of the Thames, when there comes a telegram from Ryde, relating that at about twelve o'clock on Monday morning her Majesty's training-ship *Racer*, attached to the man-of-war *Boscawen*, now lying off Portland, struck on the sands within a few hundred yards eastward of Ryde Pier. She was in full sail, with her jib and flying jib set. Immediately she struck she hauled down her jib sails, and signalled the state of affairs. The *Racer* is in command of Lieut.-Commander GASSIOT, and at the time she went ashore was under sail eastward. Mr. THREADINGHAM, the manager of the Portsmouth and Ryde Steam-packet Company, was at the head of the pier at the time, and instantly despatched the company's steamer, the *Duke of Edinburgh*, to the help of the *Racer*. The steamer was unsuccessful in her efforts to tow the ship off the sands, and the *Prince Consort*, another of the company's steamers, was also sent to her aid. Unfortunately the tide was ebbing very rapidly, and the steamers were unable to render the ship any assistance. The attempt to extricate her was therefore abandoned, and when the news was despatched she lay on her beam-ends awaiting the tide. At eight o'clock she almost righted herself with the tide, and was then towed off the sand-bank by a powerful tug and taken to Portsmouth, having sustained very serious damage.

WE are glad to learn that a meeting of mayors of the suburban districts of Paris has decided to strike a medal commemorative of the gratuitous distribution of seed by the English among the French agriculturists. The medal will be offered to Lord VERNON, President of the Fund, and to Messrs. NORCOTT and PITMAN, delegates. Another medal will be presented to the LORD MAYOR of LONDON in commemoration of the gifts of the City to Paris after the siege. We believe Mr. PEASE, M.P., has ordered photographs of the projectors and founders of the fund to be presented to all the subscribers to the

Seed Fund. Grain to the value of about £50,000 was distributed throughout the agricultural districts. It was collected with wonderful rapidity and conveyed to France with equal speed. The season was waning a little even at the outset of the project; but the committees and distributors worked day and night, and the result of their labours has been a good and welcome harvest. They made the wilderness smile. Acts like these tend to cement the friendship of nations far more firmly than sealed bonds and treaties.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is—always has been, and always will be—a gulf between youth and age. The old man looks with pitiful contempt upon the two-wheeled gimcrack of modern invention. When the rider of the bicycle becomes an old man he will probably look with similar feeling on the amusements of his grandsons, even as the old man himself, when a boy, was pitied by his grandfather. It is another verification of the poet's song:—

> Crabbed age and youth cannot live together,
> Youth is full of pleasance: age is full of care.

THE NEW PUPIL.

He is a young schoolmaster and persevering. With his learning and citations he has completely confounded the old village crony, who listens, mouth open, with a feeling between astonishment and pleasure. The anxious mother admires, too, and probably feels that her son will do well in the hands of so clever a young man. The boy looks askance at his new master, and seems inclined to be amused at his liveliness. The old people are listening to what they no doubt cannot fathom, but that does not affect the young man of learning. He is pleading for a pupil, and there is success in his uplifted arm and the smile of his face.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Father, mother, brothers, and sisters are out to meet and welcome the young warrior. What an excitement! He had been expected every hour, for they knew he was safe, and a continual watch was kept for him. It was his younger sister who saw him first. She was at the window, and knew it was Henry, although he had scarcely got to the little church in the distance. Her heart beat with expectation! She ran to the kitchen and told her mother, who was making pastry. Then she rushed to the library, and soon all the house was astir and out of doors, as we find them in the picture. His mother is the first to greet him. His younger brother has relieved him of his giant pipe, and is doing an imaginary smoke, accompanied with the look and gait of greatness which he naturally supposes should attend so important an undertaking. The dog knows this is an unusual occasion, and that a friend has come back; therefore he sits up in the most approved style, and looks for speedy and great attention. Even the cockerel is equal to the occasion, and seems as though he were anxious to draw the attention of the returned warrior to his mate and the chickens.

SHE'S NOT HERE!

John has done his work, made himself spruce, lit his pipe, and come down to the old house to see Jenny. The womenkind heard him coming, and Jenny hid herself, her good-natured old father stepping into retirement himself to enjoy the sport. He puts his head in at the window: they know his errand, and say "She is not here!" Then John laughs; he likes this sort of pleasantry—it seems to speak prosperously of his love-making. He will talk all kinds of nonsense to the women folk before he comes round to the door, not dreaming he is overheard by the father, in whose presence he is always shy and sedate. The mother and her daughters try to look solemn, but in each face there is a laugh about the lips, which will presently let out the secret. "She is not here!" they repeat. John has a different opinion, and says he will come in and see for himself.

"HABITATIONS COSMOPOLITES!"

Under the title of "Habitations Cosmopolites, recueil de maisons, constructions et habitations pittoresques de tous les pays du monde," a very interesting and useful book has been published at Paris. It is written by Victor Petit, and is a description of the houses of all nations. Our engraving, representing six villa residences—Swiss, English, Russian, Egyptian, Italian, and German—is from this book. The reader will learn more from the artist's work in five minutes than from the author's descriptions in five days. The work is published at Paris by Mourocq Frères.

ACADEMICAL OBSEQUIES AT LEIPZIG.

Our picture gives an interior view of the Paulinerkirche at Leipzig on St. John's Day, during the performance of funeral ceremonies for the University students who fell in the late war.

IN A SWISS FERRY-BOAT.

English travellers are always objects of interest and great attention abroad. They are looked upon as people who come from an El Dorado teeming with money. Every attention is paid to them, and a guide engaged by an English party considers himself at length on the way to fortune. We are afraid to think how much it will cost the party going over in the ferry-boat. The old man with the umbrella seems resigned to his fate. The stout gentleman who has got a boy to carry his luggage was nearly too late; in fact the boat had started, but was stopped again. He will have to pay for this. We should not like to stand in the water like the children we see in the picture, having just come across strange news from the Swiss lakes. We read that in the Lake of Wallenstadt, in the Swiss Canton of St. Gall, a number of persons have disappeared whilst bathing; and fishes of an enormous size have been discovered. Fancy taking your morning plunge, and finding yourself suddenly face to face with a finny monster as big as "Hiawatha's" sturgeon, with a mouth capable of taking you in without crushing you or soiling your collar! By many on the spot it is believed that the missing bathers were "seized by these enormous fishes by the leg and dragged under water." We have no idea what the new giant fish is like; but it is satisfactory to find that scientific men in Switzerland are investigating the subject.

CROSSING THE DESERT.

Our picture represents an Arabian family crossing a desert. They are on their way to market, dragging with them a great part of their goods and chattels. The engraving is from a fine picture by Emil Volkers, a German artist of great reputation.

LIFE UNDER THE BARK.

TAKEN roughly, all the creatures which are found under the bark of trees may be divided into two classes—namely, those which have resorted there for shelter during the cold months of winter, and those which feed upon the bark or the substance of the tree itself. The former can always be found under the bark of old trees, especially oaks and willows. The latter, however, are the most prolific in insect life. In many old willows the bark is slightly separated from the trunk for many feet, and although no external sign be given of this fact, the hollow sound which is returned when the outside of the tree is tapped is a sufficient proof. On carefully removing one of these sheets of bark from the tree a most extraordinary sight is often presented.

The space between the bark and the wood is a vast camp of insect armies, their white and glittering tents being set so closely together that there is not room for a finger's tip between them. Under the bark also flourish certain colonies of flat white cryptogams, which spread themselves in fan-like rays, and almost rival the silken insect-tents in whiteness. Now and then comes a circular tent, through which can be seen a quantity of little yellow globular objects. The character of the silk tells us that the nest is certainly that of a spider, and we just pull off a little bit of the cover to get a better view of the eggs. Scarcely has the tip of the forceps stretched the silken roof than a simultaneous stir becomes apparent through the eggs, and all at once they suddenly start into life, unpacking in some mysterious way the limbs which had been folded round their globular bodies, and all running about as busily and aimlessly as the inhabitants of a disturbed ant's nest. In fact, the seeming eggs are not eggs at all, but very young spiders which have only just been hatched, and are waiting for warmer weather before they make their appearance in the world.

This same space between the bark and the wood is a favourite resort of many moth caterpillars. Led by instinct, they proceed to the tree and climb up the bark, seeking for some recess in which to pass their short period of helpless existence. In comparatively young trees they content themselves with the crevices formed by the rugged and knotty bark; but in old trees, such as have been described, they manage to discover some aperture, through which they crawl into the large sheltered space, and there spin their silken home. Careful investigation shows that, however safe such a retreat may be for the insect while in its pupal or chrysalis condition, it is little more than a trap for the perfect insect. For not only are spiders' eggs to be found "under the bark," but spiders themselves also take up their residence there, and find ample subsistence in the many insects that have found their way under the bark and cannot find their way out again. A short time ago I found, under the bark of an old willow-tree, the remains of a beetle which had fallen a victim to a spider. Unfortunately the edge of the chisel came upon it and damaged the specimen, or I should have cut it out and preserved it for my museum, as I never saw anything more curious. In the first place, that the insect had been caught by a spider was evident from the fact that it was bound to the tree by spider web. In the next, it was laid on its back, with the limbs, jaws, wings, and wing-cases separated and displayed with as much regularity, in spread-eagle fashion, as if it had been prepared by an entomologist as a specimen of insect anatomy. Now that any beetle should have been so treated is remarkable enough, but it is still more wonderful when we remember that the insect in question is one of the predacious beetles, and measures three-quarters of an inch in length; so that it appears to be much more likely to eat the spider than to allow itself to be eaten.

Of all the insects which hibernate in the crevices of the bark, by far the greater number seem to be the chrysalides of various moths, which, as a rule, hide themselves so well that they need a practised eye to see them, and, even though the greatest care be taken, are often accidentally destroyed. It is extremely provoking, after selecting an apparently safe spot for the chisel, to see a white, creamy fluid run along the blade, and then to know that the tool has passed through the body of a chrysalis which has hidden itself so cleverly as to escape observation. The most successful of these hiders is the puss moth, the chrysalis of which lies hidden in a singularly ingenious cocoon. When the caterpillar is full fed it crawls to the trunk of the tree and looks about for a crevice in the rough bark. Into this crevice it insinuates itself, and begins at once to nibble the bark into tiny chips, which it fastens together with the silk-fluid discharged from its spinnerets, and so makes a cocoon, which completely shelters it. Owing to the material of which the cocoon is made, it exactly resembles the bark, and can scarcely be distinguished from it; and as the caterpillar took care to retire into the crevice before spinning, the surface of the cocoon does not project beyond that of the bark in general. Very often when the eye fails in detecting a cocoon the touch succeeds, the material of the cocoon being soft; but this is not the case with the puss moth, whose cocoon is much harder than the bark of which it was made, the silk-fluid forming a wonderfully firm and tough cement.

Under the bark are also the relics of other creatures. For example, in one willow-tree the nut-hatch and the squirrel have both left their marks in the shape of sundry hazel-nuts. There is no difficulty in distinguishing the work of these two creatures. The nut-hatch wedges the nut firmly into a crevice of the bark, and hammers rapidly and perseveringly at the point until the nut is split in two as neatly as a boy could do it with his knife. The bird then goes off with the kernel, and leaves the halves of the shells where they happen to lie, some of them being still fixed in the bark, some lying on the ground, and some having slipped between the bark and the wood. The squirrel treats its nuts in a different manner, first gnawing off the tip, and then splitting the shell with its chisel-shaped teeth. Sometimes it gets hold of a bad nut, and after nibbling at the tip throws it away. In the same tree that has just been mentioned were several bad nuts, each of which had been tested by a squirrel, and then thrown into the hollow between the tree and the bark.

THE DRAMA.

LYCEUM.

Mr. BATEMAN has, we believe, laid the foundation of a prosperous career at this theatre. He has made it one of the most elegant and comfortable of our modern establishments. The decorations are in perfect taste, the stage and general management excellent. "Fanchette" is the leading piece, and we strongly recommend it to our country friends as one of the sights to see when they are in town. The play is exquisitely mounted. It is, moreover, an interesting and well balanced piece. The chief parts are sustained by actors of high reputation. Mr. Irvine, Miss Pauncefort, Mr. Belmore, and Mr. Addison are popular favourites. Miss Isabel Bateman, a young lady not more than seventeen, is the heroine of the dramatic story. We have only space this week to say that the *débutante* promises to excite as much interest as her sister, who made "Leah" famous. Miss Isabel Bateman is an important acquisition to the London stage. Intelligent, natural, charming in appearance, she makes the beautiful witch-child of the story a most engrossing reality. On Tuesday the audience were more than enthusiastic in their applause. They called Miss Bateman several times, and at the close called her father to receive the genuine and hearty congratulations of the whole house.

GAIETY.

Dr. Westland Marston's comedy, "Donna Diana," was revived at this theatre on Monday night. It was performed for the first time at the Princess's in 1864. Some portions of the text have been re-written by the author for the Gaiety. The subject is the taming of a haughty lady by studied indifference, a theme which Shakespeare has handled. The piece is essentially dramatic, and the dialogue, written in blank verse, is lively and attractive. Miss Ada Cavendish plays *Donna Diana*, and the other leading characters are played by Miss Loseby, Mr. William Rignold, and Mr. J. G. Taylor. "Donna Diana" is, for the present, followed by Offenbach's "Grand Duchess," in which Miss Julia Matthews appears. A new operatic extravaganza will be produced in a few days, entitled "Cinderella," the music being by M. Emile Jonas, and the words by Mr. Alfred Thompson.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. Sothern is again delighting the West-Enders in "The English Gentleman" and "Not if I know It," assisted by the old Haymarket favourites, Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale, Miss Hill, Miss Roselle, &c. Mr. Sothern has got a firm hold on the British public, and is always able to crowd the house wherein he plays. Mr. E. Arnott, a provincial favourite, is a careful and genuine actor, and seems to have made a firm position at the Haymarket, where, however, he has not had much chance as yet, being confined every night to an indifferent part in an indifferent comedy. As *Charles Surface* he has few equals. Those who wish to see Mr. Sothern have no time to lose: his engagement terminates on the 5th of next month, after which he sails for the United States.

QUEEN'S.

A romantic play in six acts, entitled "Hinko," by W. G. Wills, has been produced at this theatre. Mr. Wills will be remembered as the author of "The Man o' Airlie," which had a long run. "Hinko" has met with considerable public favour, and notwithstanding its length does not tire. The piece is well put on the stage, and, considering that its literary merit is far above the average, and that it is supported by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Vezin and a strong company, we think it cannot fail to figure a long time on the bills. The plot is founded upon a play by Charlotte von Birch Pfeiffer, but Mr. Wills, with justice, claims originality for dialogue, development of character, and the turn given to the plot in the last act.

A YOUNG lady, niece of Mr. Bockstro, music composer, went out by herself in a very small boat for a row on Saturday evening, at Babbicombe, Devon, and has not been seen since. The boat, without an occupant, has since been picked up at Watcombe.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.
"To Perry Davis & Son, London."

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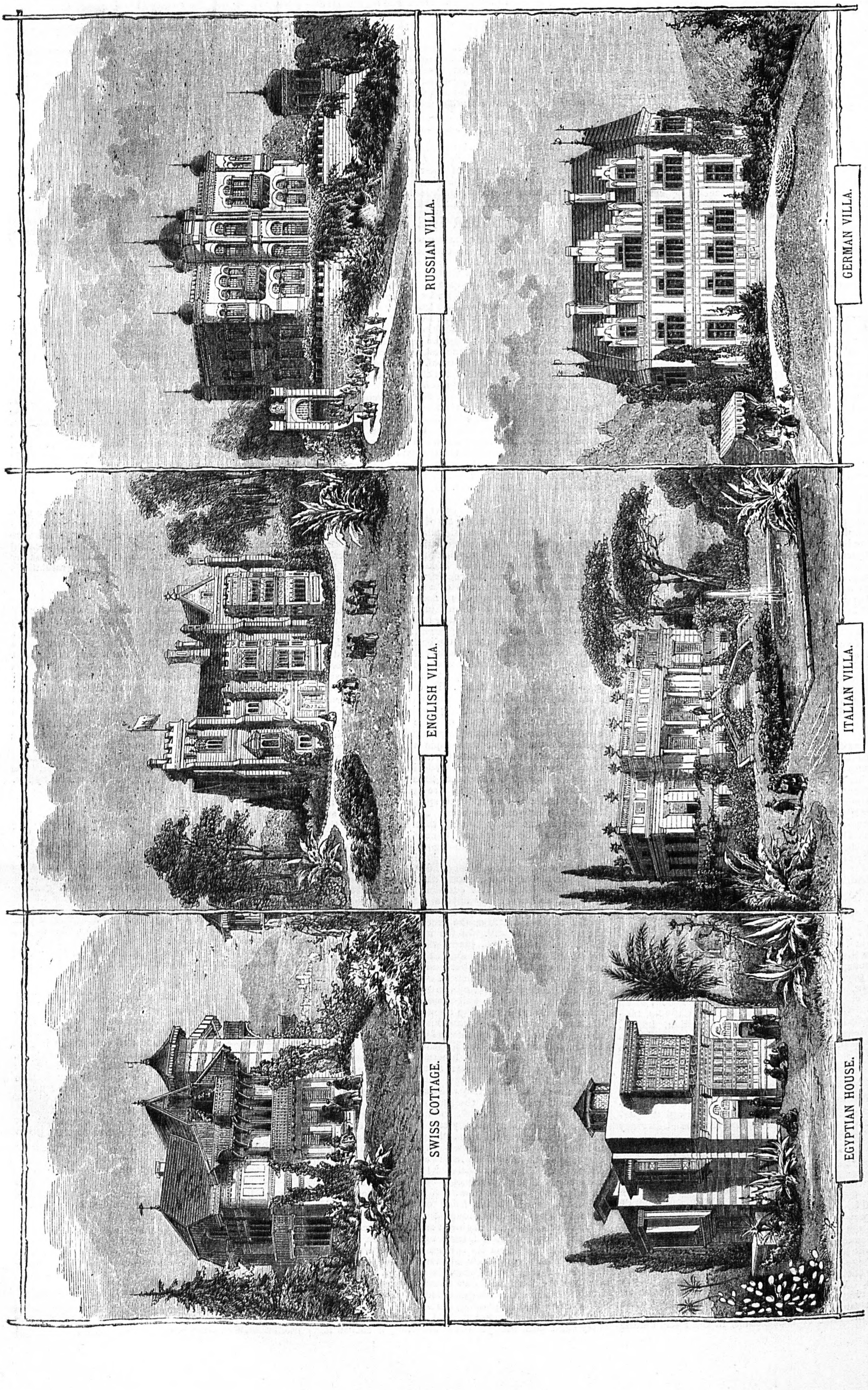


HABITATIONS COSMOPOLITES.

EGYPTIAN HOUSE.

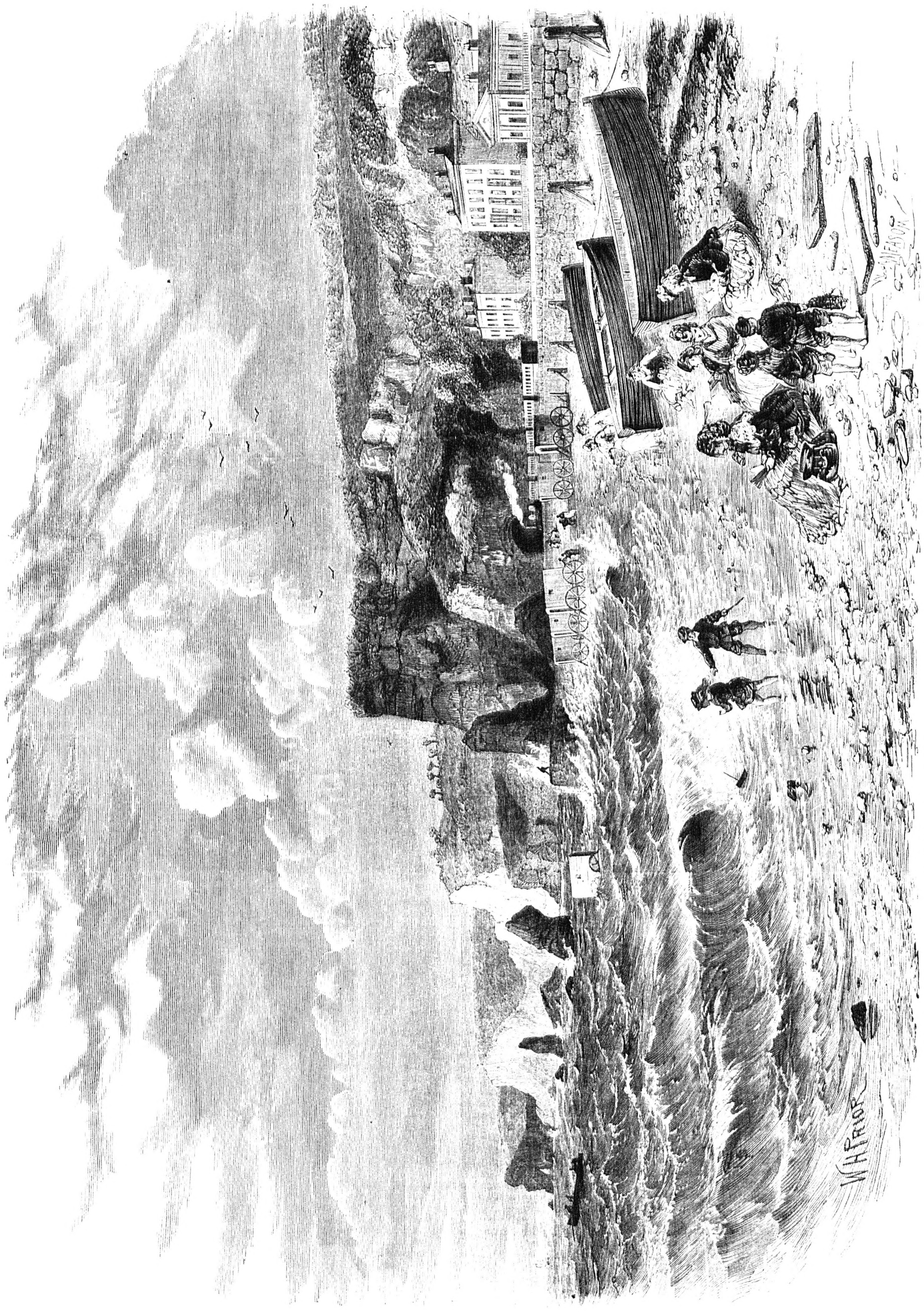
ITALIAN VILLA.

GERMAN VILLA.

SWISS COTTAGE.

ENGLISH VILLA.

RUSSIAN VILLA.



PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. IX.—DAWLISH.

A LAME CONCLUSION.

I WAS on my way home from a "Monday Pop," or a Saturday afternoon concert, when my heart was dissolved and my footsteps were arrested by the sight of a female in distress. She was young, she was attractive in face and figure, and she stood irresolute in Portland-place, crying.

If I had had time for reflection, I should certainly have passed on without taking any notice, for to speak to a young lady without an introduction is a very rash act. To be convicted of doing such a thing, before a London magistrate, would stain one's character very considerably, and there is no knowing what course hysteria might dictate, and an active policeman adopt; it is impossible to be too cautious. But I did not take time to reflect—I acted on the impulse of the moment, and inquired, raising my hat, if I could be of any assistance.

"Oh!" cried the young lady; "I have lost my aunt."

"Tut, tut!" I murmured, sympathetically.

"She was to have met me at Regent-circus, and the omnibus-man was told to put me down on the right-hand side, where she said that she would be," continued the young lady. "I waited for nearly two hours, and then I—I got frightened, and came up here, where it is quieter."

"And do you not know where your aunt lives?"

"Somewhere in a place called Clapham, not in London. She was coming up expressly to meet me, and said in her letter that she had so often met my cousins in the same place, by the half-past three o'clock omnibus, that we could not possibly miss."

"May I ask where you have come from?" I inquired.

"Calcutta," replied she.

"Good gracious!" said I, for I had been on the point of recommending her return. It was a long omnibus ride, not to mention geographical difficulties.

"Oh, how stupid!" she added presently. "Of course you mean to-day. I have come from Acton to-day. I went there from Southampton, and have stayed a week."

"Had you not better go back to Acton?"

"I should have done so already, if my friends had been still there, but they were to go away an hour after I started."

Now, for fear you should deem this damsel over-confiding, I must be egotistical, and draw my portrait. Know, then, that I am classically musical, and the fact of my savage breast having been soothed is written on my features. I wear my hair longer than is the fashion nowadays, and keep it well brushed off my interesting brow; spectacles lend an air of respectable sedateness to my face. I dress soberly, and generally carry a roll of music in my hand, because doing so once caused me to be pointed out as a famous composer.

And then the young lady was so very young, almost a child, and so very ingenuous and inexperienced. She trusted me by instinct, which is not a bad guide—sometimes.

"And have you no idea where your aunt intended to take you when you met?" I asked presently.

"Oh, yes!" she replied—"to the railway-station."

"Which?"

"Are there more than one?"

"Several. Do you not know where the train was to go to?"

"Yes; to Dublin; and from Dublin we were going on to Wicklow, where papa's regiment is."

Here was a sudden clearing-up of difficulties. I pointed out that she would probably find her aunt waiting for her at Euston-square; or that, at any rate, her best plan was to take the Irish mail at a quarter-past seven. She had plenty of time, as it was not more than six o'clock.

Directly she began to see daylight through her troubles the damsel cheered up and told me that her luggage had been sent on to the railway-station by carrier. Could I tell her how she was to get it?

She looked up at me as she spoke, with such big, round, innocent, trustful eyes, that I quite forgot all about the proprieties, called a cab, told the man to drive to Euston-square, put the girl in, and *followed*. You may blame me as much as you please; I am certain that I was right; the position was a very exceptional one. It is quite beside the mark to ask me whether I should have taken so much trouble if the child had been plain and uninteresting, for, under those circumstances, she would not have had the same need of protection. Still, I confess that I felt extremely hot and uncomfortable, and did not dare let the conversation flag for a moment, lest she should be suddenly seized with a panic or a sense of awkwardness. However, it never seemed to occur to her that she did not know my name or character, and she chatted on quite easily and pleasantly about herself and her belongings. I did not catch all she said, for the four-wheeler nearly dislocated one's limbs, and sentences were quite disjointed; but from what I gathered, it seemed that her father was major in an infantry regiment, and her mother was with him at Wicklow; that she had four brothers and three sisters, all very much younger than herself; that she alone had been with her parents in India; that these last had gone to the regimental head-quarters, to arrange for the accommodation of so large a family; and that there was to be a general meeting, now all was ready. At this point we reached the station.

I was then very glad I had come, for everything was as strange and bewildering to her as you might suppose it would be to one who had imagined that London had but a single railway terminus. I found her luggage, and saw it duly labelled; I helped her to search for her aunt, and made inquiries after that lady of all the available officials, but without result. Then I persuaded my charge to take some refreshment, and by that time the ticket-windows were opened.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, turning dreadfully pale, "I never thought of that—I have no money!"

Now, it happened, for a wonder, that there was a crisp new five-pound note in my pocket-book. What could I do but enlist it in the cause?

"Oh, thank you! What should I have done but for your great kindness?" she said, when the guard had banged the carriage-door to. "Please, where is papa to send the five pounds?"

I gave her my card; she held out her hand to be shaken; there was a shrill whistle, a puffing, a roar, and of the two human straws which had been caught for a moment in an eddy of life's stream, one was swept away again by the current; while the other—well, the other found he was late for dinner, and so determined to have a cut out of the joint at his club, and then turn into the pit of some theatre at half-price.

I walked back to the West End, and, passing the top of the Haymarket, my attention was arrested by certain words which I heard at the entrance of the coach-office stationed there.

"You are the man who comes up with the three o'clock omnibus from Acton, and to whom I spoke about that young lady?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you have been there, and returned since?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I made inquiries, as you told me. They've all left Roseville Cottage, and the servant in charge said as a young lady did come up by our 'bus."

"And yet you did not observe her?"

"Well, ma'am, we did not take up at the door, you see; and as there were several young ladies got in and out, I could not pick her exactly."

"But if she came by the three o'clock omnibus, how was it that I did not find her in it when it arrived?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, ma'am."

"Was the young lady going by the Irish mail?" I asked, pushing up to the elderly lady, who seemed to be in a state of great distress.

"Yes, sir—oh, yes!" and she turned to me eagerly.

"Then I think I can tell you how you missed her," said I. "You told her to meet you at Regent-circus, did you not? Well, she got out at the other Regent-circus, by Oxford-street, while you waited for her at this. But do not be alarmed; I saw her off by the mail myself."

As I suspected, this was the aunt, who had made the identical blunder suggested; and I now had a second distressed female on my hands, not so interesting as the other, and coming at a more inconvenient season. The last joint would be out of the room if I delayed long; so I gave her as concise an account of what had happened as possible, pleaded business of the utmost importance, which I really felt dinner to be, and hurried away like a cat from a schoolboy.

In a few days, I received a letter from Major Duckling, acknowledging my great kindness to his daughter, hoping to have the pleasure of thanking me in person some day, and enclosing the five pounds he owed me. I wrote back, saying that the money had come safely, that it had been an honour and a bliss to be of use to Miss Duckling, and that I would certainly look in if I happened to be passing.

A year afterwards, some house property was left me at Cobbleston, and I had to go and look after it. If you happen to be thinking of paying a visit to that spot, take my advice, and don't. This sounds disinterested; but the fact is, that I have found a lunatic to purchase those four desolate tenements, and am, therefore, free to confess that they are situated in a British Sahara. There are about twenty houses altogether in the place, built in a single row, with a very good road in front. Beyond the road is shingle, and beyond the shingle is the sea, which has retired as far as it could from the place, leaving miles of margin. Shingle, indeed, is the prevailing characteristic of Cobbleston. There are no cliffs or rocks; to right, to left, in front, there is nothing but shingle, wearying the eyes, and wearing out the boots. When, after a terribly long tramp, every step of which threatens dislocation of the ankles, you at last get to the sad sea-waves, you find them repeating nothing but "Sh-sh-shingle!"

This barren desolation makes the place admirably adapted for rifle-practice, which is, perhaps, the reason why a depôt battalion is stationed in isolated barracks in the neighbourhood. The recruits are kept out of mischief, and they are taught to shoot. You may see squads of them plunging about in the shifty soil at "judging-distance" drill; and if the Horse Guards, or the War Office, or whoever's business it is, does not provide them with plenty of boots free of charge, all I can say is, it's a crying shame. But surely the visitor can walk inland, and so reach the downs? He can; the farmers have a fashion of using fish-manure in those parts, but if he likes that sort of odour, the custom will not annoy him. Personally, I very much prefer asafœtida. The visitor, then, with a delicate nose, corns, and a constitution requiring exercise, would be wise in keeping to the road. If he turned to the left, and walked straight on, he would come, at the end of a couple of miles, to a martello tower; and then, two miles again farther on, to Portadle, where is a small harbour with occasional yachts in it, a good hotel, a billiard-room—in a word, Civilisation. If he turned to the right, ten minutes' walk would bring him to the barracks.

It was on the second day of my arrival that I made this last discovery, and as I stood gazing with awe upon the barrack entrance, thinking how very much it resembled a prison, and wondering what the sentry, who stood just inside, looking prickly, would do to me if I attempted to enter, the soldier I thus contemplated became suddenly rigid, his murderous-looking weapon flew up to his shoulder, and he made a sort of military point. Then, in a sudden, snatchy, galvanised way, he gave his gun a slap and held it in front of him; and this a tall, elderly man in spurs, striped trousers, and frock-coat festooned with broad shoe-string, seemed to take as a personal compliment, for he touched his forage-cap, an absurd little head ornament, which did not quite cover the bald patch on the top.

A young lady accompanied the elderly officer, and a young man accompanied the young lady. The youth must have been very fond, for he was got up as if for Ascot; and his shining hat, delicate boots, lavender gloves, and button-hole flower looked very incongruous in that lonely spot. But the peacock spreads his dazzling tail just as readily in the depths of the lonely forest as on the lordly terrace; and he is right. I do not suppose that an Adonis wants to fascinate more than one at a time with his apparel; and if that one is present, what does the absence of the twenty thousand others matter?

When the trio emerged from the barrack square, the young lady stopped short, looked hard at me, bowed, and then spoke eagerly to the old gentleman in uniform, who at once advanced towards me, and held out his hand.

"My daughter tells me that you are Mr. Tweedie, who so kindly came to her assistance when she was lost in London," said he, and was very civil. So was Miss Duckling. The young man to whom I was introduced tried to follow suit, but failed. It was easy to see that he hated me. He was but an ingenuous ensign, and had not yet learned how to conceal his feelings. The cause of his enmity, I need hardly say, was the cordiality of the young lady's manner towards myself.

"So you have left Ireland?" I unnecessarily observed.

"Yes; papa got his step, and was put in command of this depôt."

"I see," I falsely asserted.

We had a pleasant walk to some new butts which were being set up; and on our return the colonel and his daughter both declared that I must come and see Mrs. Duckling. So I passed through the barrack-gates with the rest, feeling taller when the sentry presented arms. The colonel took the ensign's arm, and spoke to him aside; the poor youth nodded, and presently asked me to dine at the mess that evening.

Then he had to bow himself off, leaving me to enter the home of the beautiful Emma. Neither the beautiful Emma nor her mamma could have been good housewives, for the quarters of the chief were in a terrible mess; and his little ones, who came swarming over us, were a sad contrast to the clean, tidy offspring of the non-commissioned officers that I had noticed playing about. As for the youngest Duckling, a tot that pottered about dragging a fresh herring tied to a bit of string after it as a toy, he was so sticky that I am convinced that a fly alighting on him would have been limed.

The furniture was scanty and common, and no attempt had been made to set things off. We found Mrs. Duckling lying on a sofa reading a novel.

She had been a handsome woman in her time, there could be no doubt of that—and she had the best part of beauty, a kind, feminine, good-tempered expression left. She greeted me with much cordiality, and evidently thought a good deal of my having paid her daughter's fare.

"Civility I have met with myself over and over again," said she; "but five pounds from an utter stranger!—never."

I liked her—she was so thoroughly unaffected. They were poor, but she seemed to think that rather a joke than otherwise.

"I will not ask you to dinner," said she. "We dine early because of the children. If you are hungry at any time about one o'clock, and can eat cold meat and rice pudding, we shall be glad to see you; but do not expect to be asked. When the colonel cannot stand our fare any longer, he goes to the mess."

It is very pleasant to be made much of, and the Ducklings were so agreeable that I stopped at Cobbleston a few days longer than was strictly necessary.

I must confess that I took a mischievous pleasure in exciting the jealous wrath of the ensign, and this appeared to be shared by the fair Emma—at least, she certainly acted in a manner which was likely to pique him, paid more attention to what I said when we were together, and seemed to prefer walking with me. But I cannot put into words the many little perceptible though undefinable shades of conduct which were calculated to depress him and encourage me. I was glad to be forced upon the poor youth as a nominal—I say nominal, because, doubtless, I really dined at the colonel's expense—as a nominal guest again. On the second day I was made an honorary member of the mess—a graceful act, for it is really difficult to get a dinner at Cobbleston. At the end of the week, however, I was forced to go, and when I announced the fact to the Ducklings they were so dumbfoundered that it was more than flattering—it was quite touching.

The time was just after morning parade, and the family party was complete. The colonel was writing an official letter to quash a court-martial, telling the members that they must find something to say more in accordance with his own private opinion; Mrs. Duckling was reposing on the sofa, rumpling the hair of one of her little ones who sat on the floor beside her; Emma was winding wool; and the ensign, who had not changed his uniform, sat bolt upright in front of her, holding the skein, his legs under his chair, his eyes looking unutterable things at his charmer, who was opposite and so close that her hand touched his occasionally, and then he positively coloured.

"And why must you go?" asked Mrs. Duckling with her voice, and Miss Emma with her eyes. The colonel, too, was arrested, pen-in-air. The ensign's lips parted.

"Well, the fact is, my fourth child has got a rash, and my wife is rather uneasy," said I.

"Fourth child!"

"Wife!"

"Yes; did you not know that I was a married man?"

I wonder whether the Ducklings really took me for a bachelor with intentions? I only know that their manner when I took leave was not so cordial as it had been; that the ensign drove me over to the station in a brother-officer's dog-cart, and that he wrung my hand at parting with such cordiality that his signet-ring nearly drew blood.

THE MAGIC PALACE.

In the year 1739, the Empress Anne, niece of Peter the Great, reigned in Russia. Her Court was a gay one, with the kind of half-barbarous splendour which shone in the palaces of the Czars at that period.

The brief autumn of those extreme northern regions was rapidly passing away, and while statesmen were knitting their brows over political stratagems or military campaigns for the new year, the courtiers were eagerly planning amusements to enliven the heavy gloom of the long winter, already drawing near. Balls, masquerades, concerts, and other entertainments of the usual courtly routine, were lightly talked over. But of these the proud gallants and jewelled dames were very weary. Honest labour knows no fatigue so exhausting as the satiety of idle pleasure. Courtly gaieties often become exceedingly dull and wearisome—a heavy burden, in fact, to those most frequently taking part in them. There was a cry for novelty; something original was needed to throw a fresh interest into the usual amusements. Suddenly a most brilliant and novel suggestion was made.

"Let us set winter at defiance!" exclaimed the noble Alexis Danielowitch Tatischchew. "Let frost and snow and ice combine to build a magic palace for the Autocrat of the North!"

The suggestion was received with acclamation. The plan was laid before the Empress; she graciously smiled, and declared herself charmed with the idea. Lucky Alexis! The imperial exchequer was ordered to provide the necessary funds, and the work began.

Some years earlier, in the year 1732, a grand military spectacle on an imposing scale had been held during the severest frosts of the year on the Neva, then covered with ice several feet in thickness. The Empress Anne had held a review of a military corps of many thousands of men on the river. On that occasion a large fortress of snow and ice had been built, attacked, and defended, according to regular military tactics; artillery had been drawn over the ice, cannons and mortars of heavy calibre had been discharged, and the vast icy field held firm under all this mockery of war. It was now proposed to build the Magic Palace of Alexis Danielowitch in the same way over the frozen waters of the Neva.

The site was chosen, and the workmen began their labours. The purest and most transparent ice of the Neva was chosen for the quarry; large blocks were then cut and squared by rule and compass, then carved with ornamental designs as carefully and as skilfully as if they had been so much marble. Ere the walls had been raised many feet, however, the alarm was given.

The ice beneath had cracked, the foundation was breaking away! The noble Alexis Tatischchew threw on his robes of fur and drove to the spot in his sledge. He found the report correct—the Neva refused to bear the weight of his palace. The fortress of 1732 had probably been built chiefly of snow.

The difficulty was laid before the Empress. She ordered her new palace to be built on the land, and pointed out a spot between her winter palace and the Admiralty sufficiently near the Neva to facilitate the transportation of the novel building material.

On this more favourable ground the work began anew. Still greater care was taken in preparing the blocks of ice, which, as in the first instance, were all quarried from the Neva. After they had been cut and carved with the greatest accuracy, each block was raised by crane and pulley. At the very moment of lowering it to its destined position, a small quantity of water was thrown on the block below. The precise quantity of water was regulated as if it had been so much mortar; if too much were used, the symmetry of the work would be injured. As the water froze, the different rows of blocks became so closely connected together, that, when completed, the whole building became one compact mass, looking as if it were chiselled entire from one icy mound. The dimensions of this palace were not large; it was indeed a sort of Petit Trianon. The front was fifty feet in length, simple in character, and divided into seven compartments by pilasters. In six of these compartments were large windows, the framework of which was painted to imitate green marble. The ice took the paint perfectly. The panes were thin sheets of ice, beautifully smooth, and transparent as the most costly glass. The central division projected, to represent a doorway, surmounted by a Roman arch and appropriate architectural ornaments. On either side of the door stood a statue of ice, on a high pedestal, and in front was an approach of several steps. This apparent door was in reality, however, but another and a larger window, level with the floor. An ornamental balustrade surmounted the front, with an architectural ornament rising in the centre, above the doorway and the window on either side of it. The roof was sloping, and marked in lines, to represent tiles; there were also chimneys, all in ice. The height of the building was twenty-one feet; its depth was eighteen feet.

But the palace itself was not the only wonder; the accessories were very complete, and all so much frost-work. A handsome balustrade, apparently of marble, with statues and architectural ornaments, completely surrounded the palace, being eighty-seven feet in length, and thirty-six in width, enclosing a sort of garden, or court, with two handsome gateways in the rear. It was through these gateways that the building was approached. Orange-trees, nearly as high as the building, bearing fruit and flower, with birds on the branches, also adorned the court, or garden—tree, flower, fruit, leaf, and bird being all delicately chiselled out of the same magic marble itself.

The front approach was guarded by six cannon, regularly turned and bored; they stood before the balustrade, three on either side of the doorway. These were also of ice. They were of the calibre which usually receives a charge of three pounds of powder. In addition to these cannon, there was also a large mortar on each side of the entrance, of a size prepared for shells of eighty pounds. In advance of these mortars stood two neatly-carved dolphins on pedestals. Still further in advance, two pyramids, nearly as high as the chimneys, had been erected on carved pedestals. Each was surmounted by an ornamental globe, and had an oval window in the centre.

To the left of the palace stood an elephant, large as life; on his back was a man in a Persian dress, while two similar icy figures, one bearing a lance, stood near the animal. Thus it was that the approach to the Magic Palace was guarded by other magic wonders.

Such was the aspect of the famous palace of ice, when, early in the winter, the Empress and her Court came to admire the work of that enchanter, the noble Alexis Tatischchew. The Court itself must have been a very curious spectacle to foreign eyes, so quaint and so gorgeous were the peculiar costumes collected there from different regions of the Empire. In no other country of Europe was there a pomp so Asiatic in lavish display of gems and jewels, of the richest furs and the costliest manufactures. The effect was most brilliant. The palace itself shone like one vast gem of opal, so perfect was the transparency, and so peculiar the blue tint of the fabric. Every part of the building, the statues, the dolphin, the elephant, every leaf, flower, and bird, ay, the solid pyramids, the very cannon, were glittering with the ever-changing brilliancy of the many-coloured prism, with its crimson, green, golden lights.

As the Empress approached, wonders increased. A salute was fired from the icy cannon, and the mortars threw their shells high in the air! Yes, real fire and smoke issued from the magical artillery; and at the same moment the marble-like elephant threw up a watery spray, higher than the roof of the palace.

The enchanted portal opened, and the Empress entered a handsome vestibule, whence appeared a lofty room on either side. In the drawing-room stood a table apparently of marble, supporting a handsome clock, whose icy wheels, daintily cut, were seen beneath the transparent case. Large statues filled the corners of the room; settees and sofas, handsomely carved, stood on either side; nor were chairs, footstools, and other smaller pieces of furniture wanting. The sleeping-room, or what appeared such, on the opposite side of the vestibule, was even still more luxuriantly furnished. There was a grand state bedstead, with its appropriate bed, pillows, counterpane, and, above all, finely-woven curtains, apparently of lace! There was a dressing-table with its mirror, and many knicknacks, jars and bottles for powders and perfumes, with cups and boxes for trinkets. This table was supported by pretty little caryatides. On the right was an elegantly carved chimney-piece, and on the hearth were laid logs of wood, ready to kindle. Here and there wreaths of icy flowers hung in festoons.

Conceive the delight of the Empress and her Court at the magical beauty of their toy. There was no happier man that day at St. Petersburg than the successful architect, the noble Alexis Tatischchew. And still the enchantment increased. At her arrival the Empress had been received with a salute. At her departure another salute was fired, with still greater effect. In the first instance a ball of hard tow had been well rammed into the cannon; but the imperial lady now desired that iron balls should be tried. The experiment was made, and the artillery of the Magic Palace was actually fired with a charge of powder of a quarter of a pound, and with iron balls. The salute was entirely successful, the balls piercing a strong plank two inches thick, at a distance of sixty paces; and the cannon remained uninjured.

An evening visit followed. By night the enchantment appeared still greater. All the windows were illuminated with coloured transparencies, and nothing could exceed the beautiful effects of the light which filled not only the windows but the transparent walls of the building itself, with a delicate, pearly glow, even more beautiful than the opal tint by day. The pyramids were also illuminated with revolving transparencies at the oval windows. The elephant was now seen spouting a stream of burning naphtha, a fire-like spray, high in the air, while a man concealed within the hollow body of the creature, by blowing pipes, succeeded in imitating the roar natural to the animal. Within the place the icy candles, smeared with naphtha, were lighted, without melting, and the icy logs in the fireplace were kindled in the same way!

A beautiful moonlight view, on still another occasion, was most charming from the crystal-like character of the palace, and its gardens reflecting a thousand silvery rays. Then again, fresh falls of snow gave a new charm to the spectacle, as every architectural ornament, every twig and leaf, was daintily marked by the soft feathery flakes, of a white even more pure than that of the ice on which they fell.

It is stated in a letter from St. Thomas that when the hurricane passed over that place there were, fortunately, very few ships in the harbour, so that there was not much damage done. The English barque *Duke of Wellington*, from Monte Video, and last from St. Vincent, was totally lost outside the harbour; crew all saved; and there were several small vessels—schooners and sloops, fishing boats, &c.—lost. But all the large ships rode it out in safety. There has, however, been more damage done to property on shore by this hurricane than by the one of 1867. The Royal Mail Factory is nearly destroyed, and on the eastern side of the town there is hardly a house left standing. The military hospital, the French Masonic Lodge, and several other large houses are very severely damaged, and a clean sweep has been made of all small houses, trees, &c. Only three trees are left standing in Cocoanut-square, and the whole ground is covered with the ruins of houses. There has also been a considerable loss of life; but at present it is difficult to get any accurate accounts, as many of the dead are still buried under the ruins of their houses. The Government voted 5,000 dollars for the immediate relief of the destitute, and all unoccupied stores and buildings have been appropriated for shelter for the people whose houses are blown away.

A ROMANCE OF BADEN-BADEN.

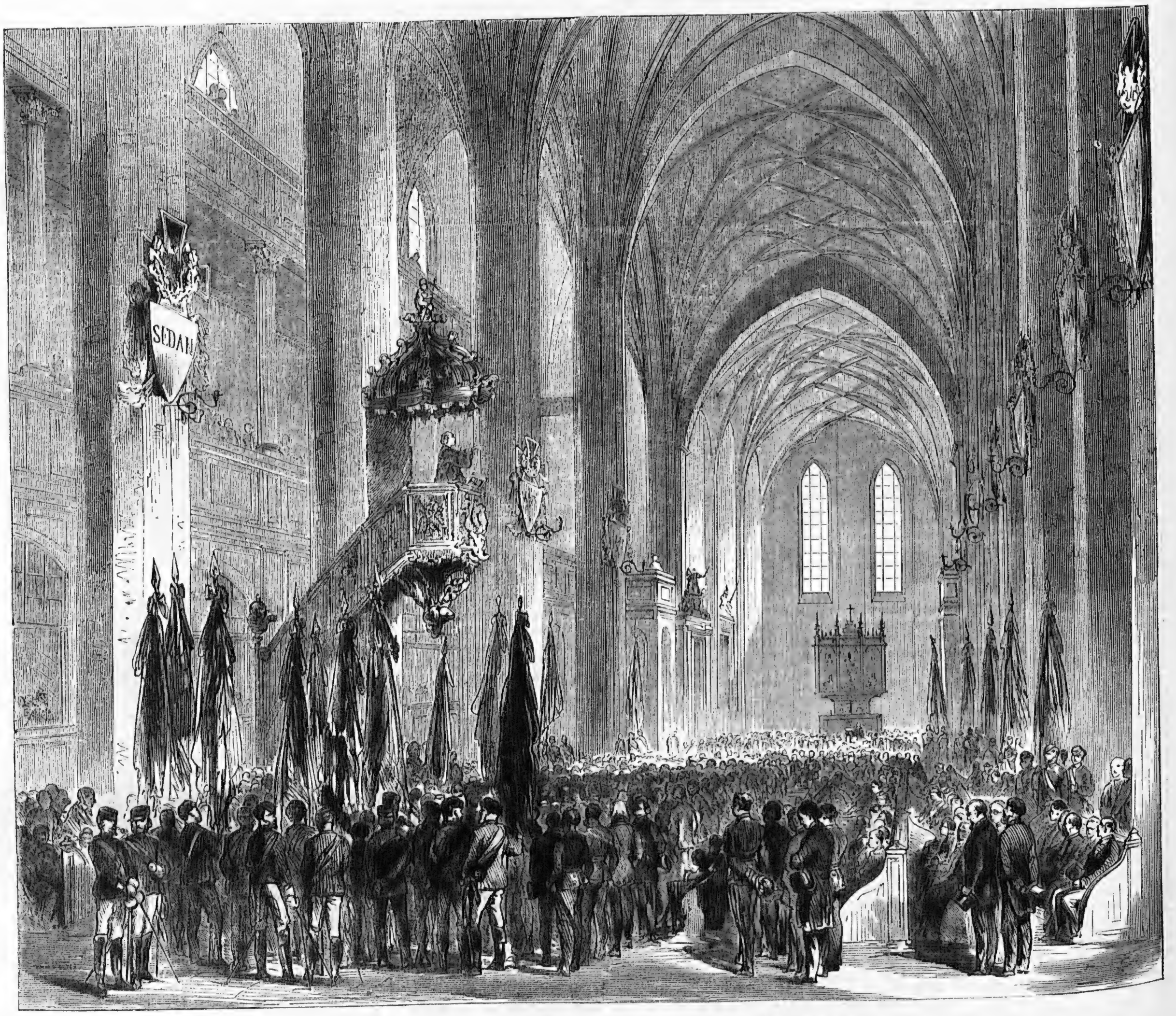
The following story, says the *Leeds Mercury*, was on Monday communicated to our Scarborough correspondent by Detective Sergeant Brogden, of the Scarborough police force:—"Very recently, two German ladies were visiting the famous Continental watering-place of Baden-Baden. They were sisters; one being the Baroness D——, wife of Baron D——, an officer in the Prussian army; and the other was her sister, a countess in her own right, unmarried, and reputed to be wealthy. While at Baden, they made the acquaintance of a gentleman, who introduced himself as Count de Villers, and he speedily succeeded in gaining the affections at least of the countess. After being but a short time in their charming company, he professed to be in a great hurry to get to London on a business errand, and he proposed that the ladies should follow him as early as practicable, that they might enjoy each other's society in the English metropolis. The ladies were soon afterwards received in London by their admirer, and after remaining there a short time, the party found their funds getting low. For some reason or other, it appeared to be the most convenient that the baroness should telegraph to her husband, the Baron D——, for money. She did so, asking for 4,000f. As the greatest amount of connubial bliss had not fallen to their lot, the baron was not unaccustomed to the occasional caprices that now and then caused the temporary absence of his wife. But having heard that the countess's lover was notoriously known both to the London and Continental police, he determined to be satisfied. He telegraphed to the baroness, saying he sent her a cheque for 1,000 francs, which must suffice until he arrived in London, where he would make one of their party in a few days. The cheque duly arrived, and was cashed. The 'count' felt ill at ease from the expected arrival of the baron; and, to his great relief, he found that the ladies would have preferred that the baron should have remained to guard the honour of Vaterland rather than interrupt the pleasant life they were leading. He had accordingly no difficulty in persuading them to leave town at once, which they did, after settling all engagements, without leaving any direction or future address. In the meantime the baron was nearing London; and on his arrival he presented himself at the lodging indicated by the baroness's telegram, only to find the party had gone, no one knew whither. His suspicions, and the information he had received respecting the 'count,' were so far confirmed; and he forthwith placed himself in communication with the officials of Scotland-yard. The description he gave of the countess's Lothario was soon found to correspond most minutely with one in the register at the office, applying to a well-known vagabond who was wanted in his own country for disregarding the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. The case was at once entrusted to Inspector Reimars, himself a German, who soon found that the baroness, the countess, and the quasi-count, had left London for Scarborough a few hours before the baron's arrival in London. The officer and the baron accordingly took the train for the North, and landed at Scarborough on Friday morning, at an early hour. The party of three were traced by the officer to the Queen's Hotel, where he employed Inspector Brogden to watch the outlets, while he brought the baron from the Grand Hotel to identify his wife. He was conducted by Mrs. Millhouse, the landlady, to the baroness's bedroom, where he was saluted with a shriek that electrified the house and its every occupant. The gallant 'count' heard the noise, and he too surely surmised that he was its cause. He hastily dressed, and appeared ready to bolt at once, when he rushed straight into the arms of Inspector Brogden. The countess now joined in the lively scene that followed. The staircase was soon filled with ladies and gentlemen, who witnessed a scene that baffles description—how the baron raved; how the baroness denounced him as a cruel husband who was no better worth than deserting; how the countess screamed out her devotion to the handsome swindler; and how the latter coolly laughed at the police and defied them. The baron took charge of his lady, and was off with her to London before noon, and the countess and her swain, not wishing for further notoriety at Scarborough, also left for London the same day. The count told one of the officers that by his handsome appearance he had succeeded in a precisely similar way three or four times before. He was well known to Inspector Reimars; but the countess would believe nothing against him."

Losses at Sea.—Further losses at sea were reported on Saturday. The *Helene*, steamer, from Hamburg for Stettin, has foundered near Krautsand, after collision. The *Gitana*, steamer, from Hartlepool, is said to have been put aground with damage to her bows; crew saved. The *Nancy*, loading at Hong Kong for Bombay, has drifted to sea and been totally lost; master drowned. The *Mexican*, British, from Swatow for Hong Kong, in ballast, has been totally lost; one man drowned. The *Roline Marie*, loading at Hong Kong for Java, has sunk. The *Edward and Marie*, Dutch, loading at Hong Kong for Java, has stranded. The *Vistula*, loading at Hong Kong for Havana, has sunk. The *Hans*, North German, from Ningpo for Hong Kong, has sunk; one man drowned. The *Colombo*, from Saigon for Hong Kong, with rice, has been abandoned. The *Lively*, of South Shields, has been taken into Yarmouth derelict, having been in collision with the *Magellan*, of Fecamp. The *Cingala*, British ship, from Hong Kong to New York, has been totally wrecked on the west coast of Panay. The *Margaretha*, from Laguna to Hamburg, has stranded at St. John's River, Florida. The *Sjomanden*, from Taganrog, with grain, has stranded on the Englishman's Shoal. The *Copernicus*, German barque, bound down in ballast, was towed ashore at Blackwall Point. The *Linda*, steamer, from Portland to Yarmouth, United States, with flour, cheese, &c., ran ashore on Highbridge, and has become a total wreck.

THE MEETING OF THE GERMAN EMPERORS.

"The meeting of the two Emperors at Salzburg" (says the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Sept. 8) "has been an affair of the gravest importance. The last stage of the proceedings is taking place to-day at the bathing-place of Reichenhall, where Prince Bismarck meets his family, but is accompanied by Count Beust and the Austrian Chancellor's secretary usually entrusted with preparing papers for signature. Count Beust will return to-morrow to Vienna, while Prince Bismarck will stay one day longer, and then come to Berlin.

"What I am at present able to report about the results of the interview is, of course, only gossip or conjecture, but the reader ought to keep in mind that it proceeds from Berlin, where the initiative has been taken. It is said that a general understanding has been come to between the Austrian and the German Empires on a whole series of questions. Besides, the two Sovereigns have agreed to exchange opinions and to concert action in case of any untoward events claiming their attention.



ACADEMICAL OBSEQUIES IN THE PAULINERKIRCHE AT LEIPZIG.

As to the points that have been settled between Germany and Austria, it is asserted that Bismarck has been able to submit to the Austrian Chancellor the assent previously given of the Foreign Office of St. Petersburg to the propositions made by the German Chancellor. The first point had reference to the future of Roumania. The two Empires agreed in considering the suzerainty of the Sultan over that country as implying the obligation for other States to appeal in case of grievances directly to Constantinople, but also to hold Turkey responsible for what Roumania does. Germany has already acted on this principle. A letter of the Roumanian Government to that of Germany, which had been handed over to the German Consul-General at Bucharest, and which had reference to the railway question, has been received by the latter under due reservation, and from Berlin it was at once forwarded to Constantinople, as the place where it must be approved before it can be answered.

"An understanding of still greater importance is said to have been come to with regard to the relations between Italy and the Pope. It has been agreed upon jointly to consider the King of Italy as the rightful Sovereign over the whole extent of the Papal dominions, by the will of the Italian people, provided the Italian Government agree not merely to leave the liberty of action of the Holy See now and for ever untouched, but also to return all purely Church property to the Pope. This was at once communicated to the Italian Government, and it is expected that Italy will hasten to enter into negotiations about details. Indeed, the early arrival of a special Italian negotiator is confidently anticipated here at Berlin, while the negotiations yet are pending concerning an extradition treaty between Italy and Germany. Of this extradition treaty the main provisions, by the way, have already been made public. It does not, of course, apply to political crimes, and resembles in its general features similar treaties already existing between Continental States.

"The third point, which is said to have taxed the brains of Bismarck and Beust sitting in council, is a most extraordinary one for a conference of diplomatists; one which almost reminds you of the Carlsbad resolutions of 1821 of evil memory. It is nothing less than the social question, and the International Society. The international danger is henceforward to be met by international action, but at the same time the social question is to be solved. Let us hope that international peace and international free trade form the main part of the intended solution.

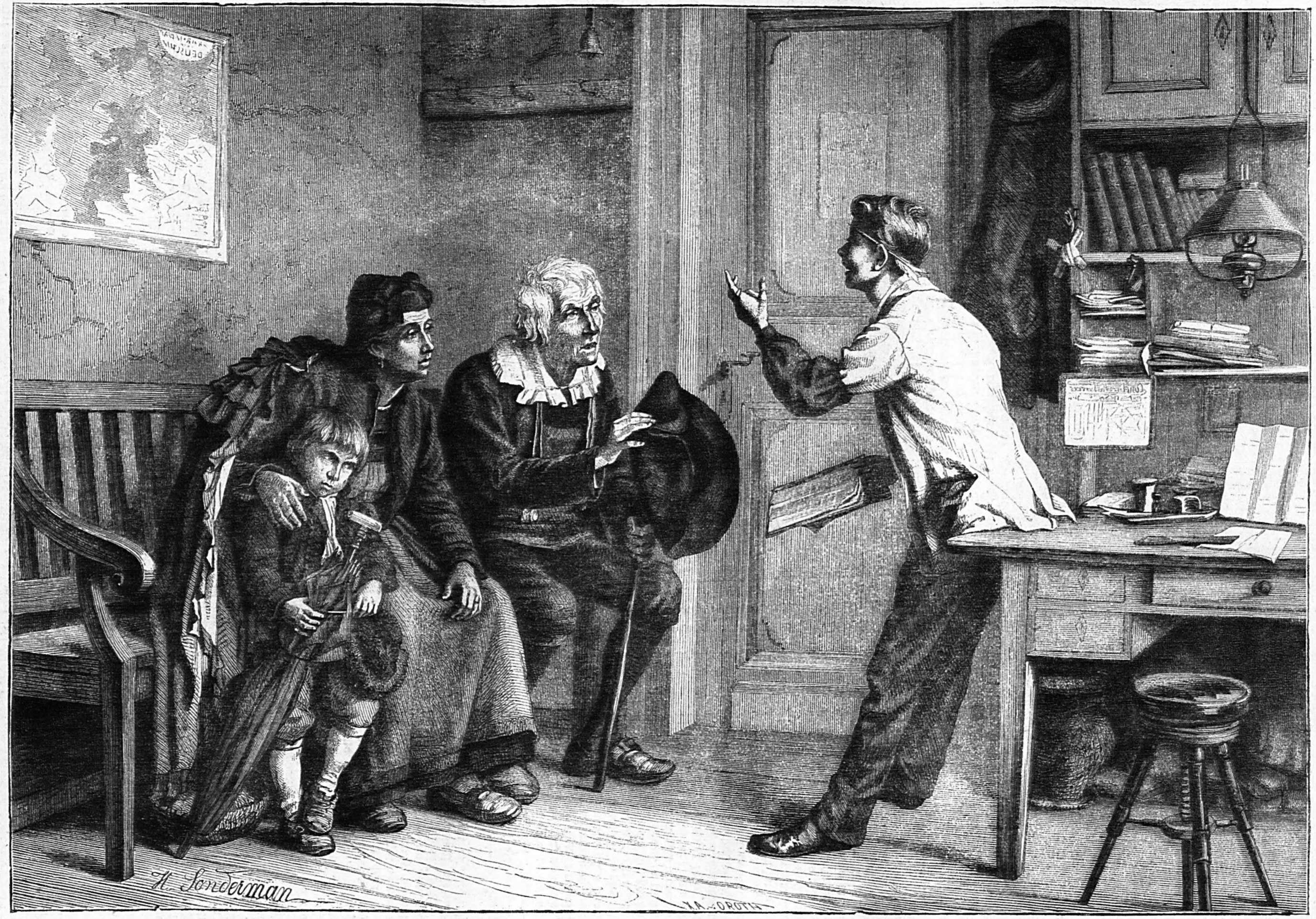
"One thing is pretty clear to the observer who casts his glances round the East of Europe. The Eastern Governments are tired of war. The Czar Alexander of Russia never was fond of it; the Austrian Emperor, I dare say, has had enough of it; and what more laurels can the German Emperor expect from it? The King of Italy has, before all things, to look to his finances; and the very warlike King of Sweden, in our days, cannot dream of emulating Gustavus Adolphus or Charles XII. France is exhausted, and must bide her time. So the moment is propitious enough."

A new and exciting kind of fishing is to be had on the Upper Nile. A big, steady boat is fitted with a windlass in its bows, and a long whale line, to the extremity of which is fastened a good sized buoy. From the buoy is tethered, by a powerful wire gimp of several yards, a fine fat goose, under each pinion of which is tied a strong shark hook. The buoy is turned adrift, and the struggles of the captive goose carefully watched. Before long, goose, buoy, and all disappear with a rush, the line is dragged out, and the boat is rapidly towed down stream. Then commences the struggle. A crocodile is expeditiously despatched. After he has wearied himself by tugging about the boat for twenty minutes or half an hour, the line is wound in, and as the monster's head appears on the surface a bullet is adroitly lodged in his eye—his only vulnerable part.

The Future of the Bonapartes.—The *Times* thinks "there may yet be a chance for the Bonapartes. Revolution never has said its last word in any country, and less in France than in any other. France has just inaugurated what is considered the Third Republic, and it is true that the upshot both of the First and of the Second French Republic was a Bonaparte. But, in the second case at least, the thing happened 'because it was impossible,' and if the Imperialist party look forward to a repetition of the same phenomenon, they may save themselves the trouble of speculating on the theories of probability, as the realisation of their hopes is more likely to be the result of sheer chance than of rational foresight. Bonapartism, we are told, is 'looking up,' but that can only be in subterranean France. In the elections in January and June the Imperialists were hardly anywhere to be seen or heard of except in Corsica, and to that insular cradle of the dynasty it is even now necessary to have recourse to make, through the resignation of one of the Abbatucci, an opening for M. Rouher. M. Paul de Cassagnac, whose faith in Imperialism was not shaken by his long residence in a Silesian fortress, takes his ground on the supposition that the Emperor may again become, as he has been, the peasants' candidate. But he forgets that what endeared personal rule to the peasantry was its boasted security and prosperity, its promise of peace and order. War and revolution may have arisen in sheer opposition to Imperialism, but the charm is no less irreparably broken. The upset may not be the coachman's fault, but the State needs a lucky as well as a skilful driver, and although misfortune might not be a reason for removing him from the coachbox, it is certainly not such a recommendation as should lift him into it again. Moreover, where the priests go there the peasants follow, and we look upon it as a symptom boding no good to the Napoleons that, while the Pope congratulates M. Thiers on his elevation to the presidency of the Republic, he at the same time allows his clerical organs to launch out into bitter invectives against the imperial *régime*."

The cases of foot-and-mouth disease in Northamptonshire during the past week have been eighty-two, against eighty-four in the previous week. The disease is steadily increasing in the grazing districts of Northampton, Daventry, Brackley, and Dowden.

The *Levant Herald* states that the question of establishing a Bourse at Constantinople, on the model of the Exchanges of other leading cities, is at length occupying the serious attention of the Minister of Commerce.


A. Sonderman
YA. GROTH

THE NEW PUPIL.

HOME AND ABROAD.

A Paris journal announces the death of Admiral Bouet-Willaumez.

The salmon fishings in the Tweed have fallen off considerably. Prices have consequently risen. On Saturday salmon and grilse were selling at 1s. 9d. and trout at 1s. 6d. per lb.

Prince Bismarck (according to a Lombard telegram) is about to raise the salaries of members and officers of the Administration, especially those of the Ministers of State, Consuls-General, and the chiefs of the Administrative departments.

The *Delta* has arrived at Southampton with £655,765 Australian gold. The Royal Mail steamer *Nile* has brought £27,205 specie from the West Indies.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer left Glasgow on Saturday morning for Minard Castle, Loch Fyne, where he will be the guest of Mr. John Pender.

A dispute is going on between the Government of Bengal and the Municipality of Calcutta as to the ownership of a portion of the river bank. The justices of Calcutta tell a strange story in their defence.

A new comedy, by Count Geza Zichy, entitled "The Phrenologist," has been performed with much success at the National Theatre at Pesth.

It is reported that the total offers for the new Spanish Loan of six millions amount to forty-two millions sterling.

Apprehensions are feigned or felt of possible disturbances at Rome. The proceedings of the notorious Alfieri Society in particular excite much suspicion, and that body are charged with intending to burn down the Vatican. The Clerical party are said to be making preparations for a demonstration on the 20th inst., and the Reds are as actively engaged in getting up a counter pronouncement. Should anarchy ensue, the rumour goes that the representatives of Foreign Powers at the new Italian capital will hoist their flags over the residence of the Pope.

It is now settled that the railway from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe shall be proceeded with at once. This short line will place the beautiful watering-place of Ilfracombe in direct communication with the metropolis.

The mortality of Paris rose last week to 943; of this number forty-two were cases of dysentery and thirty-nine of typhoid fever.

Telegrams from Constantinople state that Mehemet Kibrisli Pasha is dead. Essad Pasha has been appointed Minister at War. Server Effendi Mostechar has been raised to the rank of Pasha, and appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs.

A conspiracy to destroy the arsenal at Toulon and liberate the convicts has been discovered. The plot was divulged by some of the less desperate of the contrivers of it; and in confirmation of the diabolical intention some highly inflammable substances have been found hidden under sawdust.

The last weekly return as to foot-and-mouth disease in Norfolk shows a total of 1,673 cases in the county for the seven days.

Three men who were engaged in the assault, on Sunday, upon one of the Duke of Cambridge's gamekeepers, in Coombe-wood, have been sent by the Kingston magistrates for two months' hard labour each.

The *Yorkshire Post* states that Lord Elcho, while shooting with the Duke of Cleveland, on Wednesday, was severely injured in the hand by the accidental explosion of a barrel of his gun.

There is an improvement in the health of Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne.

The rectory of Witherley, Leicestershire, has become vacant by the death of the Rev. J. C. Roberts. It is worth £600 a year, and is in the gift of the representative of the late incumbent.

At the inquest on the bodies of the four workmen who were killed and cut to pieces the other day on the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, the jury found a verdict of "Accidentally killed."

The remains of the late Lord Churston were interred on Saturday, in the family vault in St. Mary's Church, Higher Brixham.

An additional building of considerable size is about to be erected in connection with the Girls' Cartridge Factory, at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, which at present gives employment to about seven hundred girls.

Mr. Bruce, Home Secretary, has been spending a few days in the city of Worcester.

It is stated to be the intention of the authorities, in consequence of Sir Hope Grant's report at the last Easter Monday Review, to abolish all Volunteer Field Artillery.

A despatch from Mobile gives an account of a terrible explosion on board a steamer, which was accompanied with a lamentable loss of life. The pleasure steamer *Ocean Wave*, on Sunday, the 27th of August, left Mobile with about 200 persons on board for an excursion to Fish River, about twenty miles from the city. The passage to Fish River was unattended by any mishap, and on the return trip the steamer reached Point Clear at five o'clock in the evening, and was made fast to her moorings. The band, and a portion of the passengers, went ashore for a ramble, and after the lapse of half an hour the steam whistle was blown, and all returned to the *Ocean Wave*. They had just got on board when the boiler exploded with great force, and fragments of the timbers of the boat, and the metal of the boiler, were blown in every direction. The forward part of the cabin was carried away, and the funnel fell upon the after cabin and smashed it in. The boat sank almost immediately in deep water. Sixty or seventy persons were killed or injured by the explosion.

An account from Bokhara reports all peaceful there. The King was still at Shehr-i-Sebz. The Russian General had been at Samarcand celebrating his son's marriage, but he had returned to Tashkend by way of Kutab.

The London correspondent of the *Scotsman* writes:—A rumour which has been in circulation with regard to the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne to the Governor-Generalship of Canada has been questioned by some who profess to know what they are talking about. It is said that—apart from other reasons, such as the youth and official inexperience of Lord Lorne for a post which has always been deemed necessary to be filled by a statesman of more or less tried practice in public life—unless there be some special cause with which only the very initiated are acquainted, there is no vacancy at present in the Governor-Generalship, only three of the five years of Lord Lisgar's tenure of office having expired. What may be two years hence it is of course not possible to say; but there is an opinion that this statement should be put in the same category as that which not a little while since gave the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland to Lord Lorne.

A destructive fire took place on Saturday at the Pyramid Cutlery Works, Sheffield. A large quantity of valuable machinery was destroyed, and the works were gutted. The superintendent of the fire brigade and one of his assistants were buried for a time under the burning ruins, but they fortunately escaped with but slight bruises.

A large emigration of Danes from North Schleswig has taken place to escape naturalisation in their native province, now annexed to Prussia. Ten thousand have arrived at Ribe, and large numbers at other places. Considerable distress prevails amongst them, and an application has been made to Government by the authorities of the border towns for their relief.

The news from the diamond fields, brought by the Cape mail, continues highly satisfactory. The finds were enormous. In the search carried on in the King William's Town district for diamonds and precious stones several topazes and a good many agates had been turned out, especially in the vicinity of Mount Coke. A diamond of 120 carats had been unearthed at Du Toit's Pan. Dr. Atherstone, who was one of the first to declare that diamonds existed in South Africa, was present when the diamond was unearthed. At De Beer's, Rawstorne, of Colesburg, and half a dozen others purchased a claim for £110, and in four weeks took out sixty-three diamonds, including some of 17, 16, 8, 6, 4, and 5 carats. Quite a town is built round the public or market square. There are bowling alleys, billiard saloons, hotels, restaurants, and stores without end.

M. Pouyer-Quertier, at the close of Saturday's sitting of the National Assembly, brought in a bill for a temporary levy of ten per cent. of all the proposed direct and indirect taxes in order to provide for the contingency of the new tax laws not being voted before the prorogation of the Assembly. The bill met with a strong opposition. Disagreement is said still to prevail between the Minister of Finance and the Budget Commission.

The Suez correspondent of the *Homeward Mail* has received the following communication from Colonel Kirkham, commanding the disciplined forces of his Highness Prince Kassa of Tigré:—"Near Adwá, July 12, 1871. At last the fight is over between Gobazie and Prince Kassa. We fought on the 19th of this month, and took Gobazie a prisoner and all his army, and now Prince Kassa will be Emperor of Abyssinia. I will send all details when we arrive in Adwá. Let the Foreign Office know of it, and what has happened. Gobazie is now a prisoner in the hands of Prince Kassa, and all his army is beaten. Werkson Brow (?), Gobazie's second in command, is also a prisoner."

One of the Irish papers published in New York, the *Irish People*, affects to be surprised because "the Irish are hated and despised by every class and national denomination of American citizens," yet it publishes in the same number the following advice to the Irish, should the Orangemen ever parade again in New York:—"As for the Irish element, whose lives are aimed at by Orangemen, let them congregate on the tops of houses and at windows, provided with a few dozen of good hand-grenades, say a couple of hundred at different points, and all the state militia that ever gathered together will hasten homeward as fast as their feet can carry them. Remember that 20,000 militia marching through New York streets are not equal to 100 men situated as described. This to be had recourse to only in the event of the Orangemen being surrounded by police and military so deeply that they cannot be reached, as on the last 12th of July. After that we shall have done with Orangeism in this city."

According to a telegram which appears in the *Standard* there remains no doubt of an agreement having been come to between Count Beust, representing Austria, and Prince Bismarck, Germany, to adopt an identical policy with regard to the international and socialistic movements which at present bear so threatening an aspect in many Continental countries.

M. Stampfli has been appointed one of the members of the tribunal, which is to sit at Geneva, to decide the *Alabama* question. Alluding to this appointment the *Berne Times* says that Switzerland has more than one well-known name in the political world, but it must be admitted that M. Stämpfli, as a member of the Federal Council, an ex-President of the Confederation, and everywhere regarded as having a considerable influence in the conduct of public affairs, is well fitted to act as an arbitrator in a dispute between the two nations of the world who profess to have the greatest respect for individual energy and its results.

The Indian papers give numerous accounts of the disastrous consequences of the very heavy rains in the north-west. There have been very alarming floods in the Punjab and in Guzerat. The bridge across the Beas was broken down, and while the rails suspended in the air were the only connecting links, a train passed on to them in the night and was precipitated into the gulf beneath.

The potato disease is reported to be very rife in Lancashire and Perthshire.

It is thought that the French Chamber will adjourn from the 17th inst. to the 27th of November.

Mr. Russell Gurney, M.P., accompanied by Mrs. Gurney, left Liverpool for New York in the Cunard steamer *China*, on Saturday, on his way to Washington, to fulfil the mission entrusted to him by Her Majesty's Government in connection with the recent treaty arrangements.

A Reuter's telegram reports that General Manteuffel arrived at Versailles on Saturday, in order to apprise M. Thiers of the immediate evacuation of the four departments of the Seine, Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, and Oise. The Prussian garrisons of the Northern Forts of Paris will be the first evacuating troops; the others will follow at the rate of 3,000 daily. General Manteuffel in the evening dined with the President of the Republic. Numerous Deputies were present, among others Generals Chanzy and Ducrot.

An Australian paper, the *Pleasant Creek News*, relates a piece of intelligence which shows the pleasantry of the Creek; it is, in fact, almost as romantic as the Tichborne affair, and everybody will be as much surprised when they hear it:—"In the family of a wealthy squatter on the Wimmera, a few days ago (says the *News*), a servant engaged to attend on the children stepped into a title and a property of £40,000 under the name of Lady Elizabeth Morton. It would appear that the lady, while acting as servant in the family, frequently assured those around her of her aristocratic connections, but no one credited her tale. She came out to this country without an education at all adequate to her position, and it is not improbable that, but for the efforts of an able lawyer in Melbourne, Lady Elizabeth Morton would have remained in a dependent position to the day of her death." Upon this story the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a pleasant vein remarks:—"This romance in real life should make us all more considerate in our conduct towards our servants; several members of the House of Lords have, it is well known, become bankrupt during the last two years, and disappeared from that social and political horizon they so eminently adorned. Who knows what has become of these illustrious paupers? For aught we can tell the drunken footman we dismiss to-day may have been the proud peer of yesterday, and sat an honoured guest at the tables of those behind whose chair he now waits, clothed in livery and threatened with delirium tremens. The safest plan at present is carefully to watch the habits of our servants."

Mr. Spurgeon has entirely dropped the prefix "Rev.," and is now styled "Pastor C. H. Spurgeon."

Mr. William J. Watson, Surgeon-Dentist of Birmingham, has just introduced a new invention into the Midland counties, which will, no doubt, prove of great service to persons requiring artificial teeth. The "Celluloid Base" (the invention in question), which is an American patent, consists of a material for dental plates or basis for artificial teeth, the base consisting of a new and peculiar composition of solid collodion which, it is said, possesses all the advantages that have ever been hoped from collodion, or pyroxiline, while it is entirely free from the difficulties heretofore experienced in manipulating that substance, as well as from the liability to shrink and change form after being made into artificial plates. The main features of this new basis are summed up as follows:—It is lighter, and at the same time stronger, than dental vulcanite or hard rubber; its colour is akin to that of the natural gum, and will not change in the mouth; it is entirely free from all unpleasant taste; it is not the least affected by the acids of the mouth, and will undergo no change in strength or texture during lifetime; it is not injurious to any mouth, even the most sensitive, which is not true of rubber plates containing a large amount of mercury; and, finally, it can be manufactured and fitted to the mouth easier, quicker, and more satisfactorily to the operator than can be done with any other known base for artificial teeth, saving enough time and trouble to the operator to pay for the plate. As a set of teeth can be completed in two hours under the new system, we should imagine that Mr. Watson's enterprise will meet with the success it merits.

A man with a twist in his brain is not popularly supposed to be one of the brightest of his species. But a twist more or less is, apparently, what distinguishes one man from another in an intellectual point of view. It is not the size of the brain; it is the variety of its convolutions. Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, left his brain to the anatomists, and Professor Marshall has just completed his examination of it. The result of his analysis is a little surprising, for it reveals the fact that with all his Greek, and all his philosophy, and all his eloquence, the brain of the great historian was remarkably small, although particularly rich in convolutions.

Holloway's Pills.—Good Spirits.—Every one has frequently experienced sudden personal changes from gaiety to gloom. The wind and weather oft receive the blame when a faulty digestion is the sole cause of the depression. Holloway's Pills can be honestly recommended for regulating a disordered stomach and thereby improving digestion. They entirely remove the sense of fulness and oppression after eating. They clear the furred tongue and act as a wholesome stimulant to the liver, and as a gentle aperient to the bowels. They healthfully rouse both body and mind. Holloway's Pills are the best known antidotes for want of appetite, nausea, flatulency, heartburn, languor, depression, and that painful apathy which is so characteristic of chronic derangement of the digestion.

Patent Teeth on Soft Gums.—Mr. William J. Watson, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

To Clean a Silk Dress.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 444. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

Faceache, Toothache, Tic Doloreux.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.
Office—No. 2, BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER.

TRUSTEES.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Bishop Sumner.
The Archdeacon of Maidstone.
Chairman—The Archdeacon of Westminster.
Deputy-Chairman—Robert Few, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Samuel Brown, Esq.
Actuary—Stewart Helder, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Stone, 13, Vigo Street.
Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799.

Incorporated 1826.
Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Vice-Presidents.
The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.
The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.
ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.
Treasurer.
SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.
Bankers.
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS
Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,
The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283
Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.

HEAD OFFICE: 133, West George Street, Glasgow.
LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

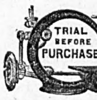
ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.				1871.		
£36,165	8	10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139	2	0
27,554	3	4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243	16	10
13,111	11	1	Losses	22,766	17	7
7,555	10	6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336	11	2
17,067	10	4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869	14	2
68,492	10	4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294	14	2

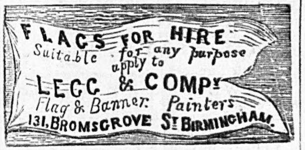
APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager*.
May, 1871. [370

WILLCOX AND GIBBS



SILENT
SEWING MACHINE.
MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426

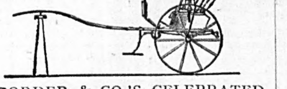


MR. J. SWINSON,

DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.
Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234



FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS.

Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World. [218

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street, the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

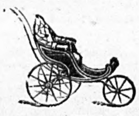
N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH

defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

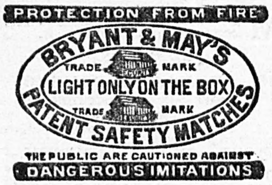
BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [57



LLOYD & CO.,

157, ISLINGTON,
BIRMINGHAM.

Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.
Wholesale and Retail. [269



PROTECTION FROM FIRE
BRYANT & MAY'S
TRADE MARK
LIGHT ONLY ON THE BOX
TRADE MARK
PATENT SAFETY MATCHES
THE PUBLIC ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST
DANGEROUS IMITATIONS
[410

PALFREY'S, 4, BULL RING,

BIRMINGHAM.
JEWELLERS' & PAWNBROKERS'
CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

An Endless Variety for Stationers', Tobacconists' and Fancy Trades.

WINDOW
TICKETS
FOR ALL
TRADES

First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.

China and Glass Warehouses, Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.
Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138

CORNS AND BUNIONS. — A Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience. —Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. KINGSTON, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE.

Weekly. Price 6d.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE:

An Educational Record and Review. Weekly. Price 6d.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE:

AN EDUCATIONAL RECORD AND REVIEW.
Published every Saturday on Fine Paper, 32 pp.
Price Sixpence.

CONTENTS OF No. 30.

The School Boards:—Meetings of Boards throughout England and Wales.

Contributed Papers and Letters:—Public Education in Switzerland. No. VIII. — Secondary Schools. By W. Hepworth Dixon.—Irish University Education.—Our Governesses. By Alex. V. W. Bikkers.—Primary School Teachers: The National Importance of their Influence and Position.—The Spelling Difficulty in Primary Schools: How to Remedy it. By E. Jones.—The Remission of School Fees.—Payment of Fees in Denominational Schools.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GOSSIP OF THE SCHOOLS.

REVIEWS:—German Philosophical School-Literature. No. III.—Employment or Almsgiving?—Report of the Royal Commission on St. Katharine's Hospital.—Educational Subjects in the Magazines of the Month.—Miscellaneous Notes.

Vol. II. Now Ready, price 8s. 6d., Handsomely Bound in Cloth, post free for 9s. 6d. Covers for Binding, 2s. 6d. each. Portfolio for Single Copy, 2s.

GRANT & CO., 102, Fleet Street, E.C.

AT MUDIE'S AND ALL LIBRARIES.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

This day is published in cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

Together with Mark Lemon's last Song, his revised text of Falstaff, and Portrait in Costume
(Reprinted with additions from the *Gentleman's Magazine*).

"'With a Show in the North' is a reprint—most elegantly turned out—of Mr. Joseph Hatton's papers which appeared originally in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, descriptive of his tour through the provinces with the late lamented Mark Lemon, during his Falstaffian entertainment. The book abounds in quaint anecdotes and touching memories, and is written with ease and simplicity which distinguishes the author of 'The Tallants of Barton.' One reads the book at a sitting—and one puts it down with a sigh. We are all indebted to Mr. Hatton for this memorial volume."—*Fun*, April 8.

"Mr. Hatton's interesting reminiscences of Mark Lemon."—*Illustrated London News*.

"A series of articles which are read with real zest."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

"Full of curious interest."—*Perthshire Journal*.

"A series of charming reminiscences."—*Manchester Examiner and Times*.

London: WM. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

ALEXANDRA PALACE AND MUSWELL HILL ESTATE TONTINE.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—A Charming Palace, with about 500 acres of beautiful Land (Freehold), within a radius of six miles only from Charing Cross.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Intending Subscribers can obtain Free Passes admitting to the Palace and Grounds on application to the Secretary, stating name and address.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Arrangements will be made for an early opening of the Palace and Grounds to the Public, for completing the Railway into the Palace, as well as other Railway communication.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The advantages to Subscribers of One Guinea and upwards are fully detailed in the Prospectus, and Subscribers incur no liability, and must benefit.

ALEXANDRA PALACE AND MUSWELL HILL ESTATE TONTINE.

ISSUE OF CERTIFICATES.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Arrangements have been made through the undermentioned agencies for the sale of certificates, and in a few days a full list will be announced, stating where the public may make application in the local districts and country towns.

AGENCIES:

Metropolitan Railway Stations—Willing and Co.'s Book Stalls.
North London Railway Stations—W. H. Smith and Son's Book Stalls.

Great Northern	Book Stalls at the Railway Stations.
Midland	
North Western	
Great Eastern	
South Western	
Brighton and South Coast	
London, Chatham, and Dover	
South Eastern	
Great Western	

The Bankers and Brokers of the Company will also receive applications for certificates, viz.:—

London and County Bank and Branches; City Bank and Branches; Messrs. Walker and Lumsden, 9, Old Broad Street, E.C.; and Messrs. Huggins and Rowsell, 1, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

THOS. DIXON, Secretary,
5 and 6, Great Winchester Street Buildings, E.C.
[472

MIDDLESEX CONSERVATIVE REGISTRATION ASSOCIATION.—Conservatives who have received NOTICES of OBJECTION to their CLAIM to come on or remain on the Register of Voters for the county of Middlesex, are requested to SEND such Notices to the undersigned, when their title to vote will be defended, free of expense, by

WOLLASTON F. PYM, Agent for the County.
No. 6a, Victoria Street, Westminster.

COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX REGISTRATION.—1871.—Notice is hereby given, that James Newton Goren, Esq., the Barrister appointed to REVISE the LIST of VOTERS for Knights of the Shire to serve in Parliament for the county of Middlesex, will hold Courts for that purpose at the following times and places, taking at the respective Courts the lists for the parishes and places hereunder mentioned or referred to, that is to say:—

At the Chequers Inn, Uxbridge, on Monday, the 25th of September, at 12 at noon, for Cowley, Harefield, Hayes, Hillingdon, Ickenham, Ruislip, Uxbridge, West Drayton.

At the Black Dog, Bedfont, on Wednesday, the 27th of September, at 12 at noon, for Ashford, Bedfont, Cranford, Feltham, Harlington, Harmondsworth, Laleham, Littleton, Shepperton, Staines, and Stanwell.

At the Enfield Arms, Enfield, on Thursday, the 28th of September, at half-past 11 a.m., for Edmonton and Enfield.

At the Court House, Edgware, on Friday, the 29th of September, at 11 a.m., for Edgware, Finchley, Great Stanmore, Harrow, Hendon, Kingsbury, Little Stanmore, and Pinner.

At the Vestry Hall, Bancroft Road, Mile End Road, on Tuesday, the 3rd of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the polling district of Mile End.

At Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, on Wednesday, the 4th of October, at 11 a.m., for Hampstead and Willesden.

At the Lords Justices' Court, Westminster Hall, on Thursday, the 5th day of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for Lincoln's Inn and the parishes and places within the city of Westminster.

At the Town Hall, Church Row, Bethnal Green, on Friday, the 6th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the polling district of Bethnal Green.

At the Windsor Castle, Hammersmith, on Tuesday, the 10th of October, at 11 a.m., for Chiswick, Fulham, Hammersmith, St. Luke Chelsea, and St. Mary Abbott's Kensington.

At the Castle Inn, Brentford, on Friday, the 13th of October, at 11 a.m., for New Brentford, Heston, Isleworth, Twickenham, Twyford Abbey, and so much of the parish of Ealing as lies within the Ecclesiastical Districts of St. Paul and St. George, Old Brentford.

At the Vestry Hall, King's Road, Pancras Road, on Saturday, the 14th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the district assigned to poll King's Cross, or within half a mile thereof.

At the Court of Queen's Bench, Guildhall, in the city of London, on Monday, the 16th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the city of London.

At the Red Lion Hotel, Hampton, on Wednesday, the 18th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for Hampton, Hampton Wick, Hanworth, Sunbury, and Teddington.

At the Viaduct Inn, Hanwell, on Thursday, the 19th of October, at half-past 11 a.m., for Acton, Great Greenford, Hanwell, Norwood, Northolt, Perrivale, and so much of the parish of Ealing as is not included in the Ecclesiastical Districts of St. Paul and St. George, Old Brentford.

At the Bell and Hare, Tottenham, on Friday, the 20th of October, at half-past 11 a.m., for Tottenham.

At the Railway Hotel, Hornsey, on Tuesday, the 24th of October, at 11 a.m., for Friern Barnet, St. Mary Hornsey, Monken Hadley, and South Mims.

The lists will be taken at every Court in the order in which they stand in the Register.

RICHD. NICHOLSON, Clerk of the Peace.
Sessions House, Clerkenwell, September, 1871.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

In use the last 70 Years for
INDIGESTION.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

In use the last 70 Years for
BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

In use the last 70 Years for
LIVER COMPLAINTS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. [248

FAMILY MOURNING.

MESSRS. JAY, anxious to remove an impression which they find has gained undue circulation, that none but the richest materials in Made-up Skirts, Mantles, and Millinery are sold at this establishment, deem it a duty to themselves and the public to assure all families who have not yet dealt at JAY'S Mourning Warehouse, that they sell an excellent Family Mourning Dress, full length, for the small sum of One Guinea and a Half. Good Wearing Materials are also cut from the piece, and at more than an equivalent for the price, which is from 1s. per yard upwards; and Patterns when desired are always sent as specimens, *Postage Free.*

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
247, 249, and 251, REGENT STREET.

SPECIALITE IN DENTISTRY.

MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON,
SURGEON DENTIST,
16, NEWHALL-STREET,
Many years Assistant to Mr. A. Eskell, of 39, Bennett's Hill,

Begs to announce that he is in possession of a newly-invented and patented material for the base of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, and would recommend those requiring the aid of a Dentist to inspect (free of charge) specimens of this unequalled production, which is termed

THE CELLULOID BASE,

It being lighter, stronger, more natural and pleasant than any other known material.—*Vide Press.*

Charges most moderate, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

CONSULTATION FREE. ATTENDANCE DAILY.

FULHAM UNION.—Contract for Linen and Woollen Drapery, &c.—The Guardians of the Poor of this Union are prepared to receive PROPOSALS for the SUPPLY, at the Union Workhouse, of the following materials of LINEN and WOOLLEN DRAPERY, &c., viz.:—

Clothier's Goods (for Infirmary use).—Six doz. men's gray cloth suits, consisting of jacket, waistcoat, and trousers; six doz. men's gray cloth caps.

Linendrapery.—*700 yards of stout gray calico, 38in. wide; *300 yards ditto, 32in. wide; *300 yards thin gray calico, 36in. wide; *1,200 yards sheeting, 54in. wide; *300 yards Scotch Dowlas, 29in. wide; *300 yards Russia towelling, 20in. wide; 500 yards checked gingham, 36in. wide; *300 yards huckaback, 54in. wide; six doz. men's handkerchiefs; 12 doz. women's ditto.

Woollendrapery.—600 yards of Welsh flannel, 27in. wide; 500 yards blue serge, 36in. wide; 12 doz. women's black and white checked worsted shawls, 1⅜ yards square.

Hosiery.—18 doz. men's brown cotton stockings, outsize; 12 doz. men's single cotton nightcaps.

Those articles marked * to have a double blue stripe, ⅛ in. each, at a distance of 6 in. from the next double stripe.

The same to be delivered at the Union Workhouse free of all charges beyond the contract price or prices, by the 15th day of December next.

Persons may tender for the whole of the articles, or separately for clothiers' goods, linendrapery, woollendrapery, and hosiery, as set forth.

The contractor will be required to enter into a written contract and bond, with two sureties, whose names, &c., should be submitted with the tender to be forwarded to me, sealed and endorsed "Tender for ——," on or before Wednesday, the 20th day of September instant, accompanied with samples of each article.

Payment will be made within one month after the completion of the contract.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to the Master of the Workhouse.

The Guardians do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
T. APLIN MARSH, Clerk to the Guardians.
Clerk's Office, Fulham Union Workhouse, Hammersmith, W., 7th September, 1871.

MESSAGERIES MARITIMES de FRANCE.—ADEN, Galle, Singapore, Hongkong, Shanghae, Yokohama, and other customary ports of call.—The well-known steamship ABBOTSFORD, Capt. PATTERSON, 1,500 tons burden, 800-horse power effective, will leave the East India Dock at daybreak on Saturday, the 16th September, for Marseilles, as an extra steamer for the conveyance and transhipment of passengers, specie, and merchandise into the Company's regular mail steamer, TIGRE, for the above-mentioned ports. All goods sent by this route will be delivered at their destinations with that certainty and precision which belong to a regular mail service. For general information and passage apply at the offices of the Company, 97, Cannon Street; or to Messrs. Simon and Lightly, No. 123, Fenchurch Street; and for freight, &c., to Gellatly, Hankey, Sewell, and Co., 8, York Street, Manchester, or 109, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. The Delta, s.s., will follow October 14, from London.

Beautiful Residential Property in the North of Ireland.—By Messrs. GEORGE WALTERS & SON, auctioneers, in the Corporation-hall, Londonderry, on Wednesday, the 27th day of September, 1871, at 2 o'clock afternoon,

THE MANSION HOUSE AND ESTATE OF ROE PARK, formerly the seat of Harvey Nicholson, Esq., deceased, situate in the county of Londonderry, within ten miles of the city of Londonderry (between which and Glasgow and Liverpool there is direct communication by sea), and three-quarters of a mile of the thriving market town and railway station of Newtonlimavady. This most desirable property contains 270 acres, or thereabouts, of which about sixty-eight acres are well wooded, the remainder being arable, meadow, and pasture land of excellent quality. The mansion-house is a large and important structure, standing on a noble elevation in a beautifully timbered park, and commanding extensive views of mountain, woodland, and river scenery, unsurpassed in the north of Ireland. It is approached by a fine drive, and the gardens and orchards are well stocked with fruit trees, and cover an area of upwards of five acres, on which are a greenhouse and vinery, each about 90 ft. long, and other horticultural erections and appliances. The river Roe, affording both salmon and trout fishing, flows in front of the mansion-house, and through and along the demesne for upwards of a mile, adding much to its attractiveness. The woods are well adapted for pheasant breeding, and are frequented by woodcock, and the fine old timber in the park is famed for its size and beauty. The property has been for some years in hand, so that immediate possession of the whole may be had free from tenant right or other claims. It is in excellent order, and is well adapted for a gentleman desirous of a country mansion with a moderate-sized home farm attached, or the farm can be readily let as a detached holding. The tenure is in great part freehold, and the remainder fee-farm. The district is peaceable, well cultivated, and prosperous. For plan and particulars, with a photographic view of the mansion-house, and cards to view, application may be made to the auctioneers; or to Messrs. E. and W. Willsby, solicitors, Berwick-upon-Tweed; Messrs. Anderson and Lee, solicitors, Dublin; Mr. B. H. Lane, solicitor, Newtonlimavady; Mr. T. Chambers, solicitor, Londonderry; Messrs. Johns, Hewett, and Johns, solicitors, Belfast; Mr. George Knox, solicitor, 3, Bloomsbury-square, London: Mr. Goodman, solicitor, Sweeting-street, Liverpool; Steph. Sanderson, solicitor, Berwick-on-Tweed.—Berwick-on-Tweed, 3rd August, 1871.

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